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THE CECILIAN SERIES OF STUDY AND SONG

JOHN W. TUFTS

BOOK IV

FOR MIXED VOICES

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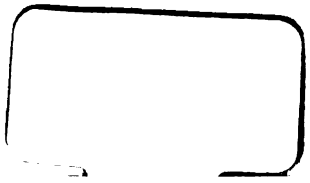

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THE

CECILIAN SERIES

OF

STUDY AND SONG.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND COMPOSED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

BOOK IV.—FOR MIXED VOICES.

COMPRISING:

STUDY IN TUNE AND TIME, PART-SONGS AND CHORUSES, OCCASIONAL, PATRIOTIC, AND SACRED SELECTIONS.

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND CHORUSES.

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK. BOSTON, U.S.A. CHICAGO.

1894.

IV

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THE

CECILIAN SERIES OF STUDY AND SONG.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND COMPOSED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Book I.—For One Voice.

Book II.—For Soprano and Alto Voices.

Book III.—For Unchanged Voices. With Added Notes for Basses and Tenors.

Book IV.—For Mixed Voices.

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PREFACE.

THE Cecilian Series of Study and Song, of which this volume forms a component part, is designed and undertaken for the main purpose of providing for schools and classes additional studies and songs of a high character, educationally and musically, yet so simple that they may be performed and enjoyed by pupils who have but limited knowledge of music notation. The aim in this volume, especially, has been to meet the demand for more part-songs and choruses, such as are needed many times to supplement regular lines of musical instruction, and to add to the recreative element of vocal music in the schools.

Having this thought in mind, bright and pleasing selections have been provided, which include many that are adapted to special occasions and festival days. In addition, a number of sacred selections have been included that will be found well suited to devotional exercises and other occasions. These have been chosen with much care, and although mostly taken from the works of composers of high rank, they will be found to be simple and easy of performance. It is hoped that selections of this character may lead to a study of compositions better fitted for church use than those frequently found in compilations prepared for this purpose.

It is no part of the plan of the Cecilian Series to provide an elaborate course of study in vocal music for purposes of school and class drill,—this field being already amply and sufficiently covered by the Readers and Charts of the Normal Music Course. It has seemed wise, however, to insert in each book a sufficient number of carefully graded exercises to enable teachers, who are not supplied with the Normal Music Course, or where the use of a full graded system of instruction in vocal music is, for any reason, not at present feasible to train their pupils in many of the simpler problems in ordinary vocal music.

While, therefore, the instruction side has not been ignored, the preeminent value of these books as a *song* series especially adapts them to supplementary use, in the several grades for which they are respectively designed, in connection with the work from the regular Readers and Charts, and the publishers feel confident when so used their use will give renewed zest and greatly increased interest and value to the regular graded work.

This volume is intended, as its title indicates, for schools and choruses containing mixed voices — high schools, the higher grades of grammar schools, and even ungraded schools of the higher class; as well as for private classes of similar attainment, and even singing societies and choruses. When used, as will doubtless be the case, at times, in such bodies of singers, by those who have not had previous training in the elements of music, the songs will necessarily be learned more or less by rote or imitation.

As few tenor voices are found in such grades and classes, an arrangement is made whereby the lowest alto singers may assist in producing the effect of the usual four-part harmony. The notes for the bass parts are placed within a compass easily reached by all young male voices The book will be found, also, in this respect as well as in those already enumerated, to be well suited to the needs of private classes and choruses.

It is always desirable that four-part harmony should be represented wherever possible, and singers are earnestly advised to practice and overcome the alleged difficulty of "carrying" the different parts. They should consider each part an independent melody, and they must concentrate their attention upon the successive notes of each voice,— remembering that the harmony is but the combination of the various melodies, or parts.

The technicalities of harmony should follow — never precede — the reading and singing of the different melodies. Time otherwise spent upon them is wasted.

The French Time Names in the form in which they are introduced and used in the Normal Music Course, are employed in these studies, and their use is strongly recommended.

Let it always be kept in mind that *Music* is the aim, and that *Education in Music* which will enable the pupil to read intelligently and appreciate the best musical literature, and all diligence should be devoted to the development and accomplishment of this end in the most intelligent and finished manner possible. If this is done conscientiously by teachers and pupils; if the selections furnished in this volume be carefully studied and thoughtfully rendered, so that the sentiment of both music and words may go hand in hand; if the spirit of song shall abide with the singers, there can be no doubt that the book will please and help all who use it, and serve as an introduction to more elaborate compositions. In this hope it was prepared, and in this hope it is sent on its mission.

"A company of singers is like a company of brothers; the heart is opened, and in the stream of song they feel themselves of one heart and of one mind."—WERDER.

"The great composers considered a fine accentuation, correct phrasing and an absolutely loyal observance of all the minor parts of a rythmically well-constructed piece, a most important study for the young musician."— KIRNBERGER.

"Do not judge a composition from the first hearing; what pleases at the first moment is not always best. Masters require to be studied. Much will become clear to you at an advanced age only."— ROBERT SCHUMANN.

"What we have learned is emphatically our own; it is the only property of which we cannot be deprived; no fire, no inundation, no storm, no war,—indeed, no outward circumstance can rob us of the smallest particle of the property which is housed in our brain."

A STUDY IN TUNE AND TIME.

In presenting the following routine of practice no attempt is made to explain matters of tone quality, expression or phrasing. These nicer distinctions belong to a treatise of another character. Within this limited space only the simplest formulas are introduced, and these are divested of all needless technicalities. The whole series of exercises is made as plain and simple as possible, and it forms a school manual for daily work.

Notwithstanding the necessary condensation, the routine covers an extensive ground, and it will prove a valuable guide to those who may know the *thing*, but not the sign. These signs, forming our musical notation, which have been handed down to us, are sufficiently clear to express the musical thoughts of the composer. These thoughts are suggestions to the listener, and he applies them according to his ability, whether natural or acquired.

It is the earnest wish of the author that this little work may open the field to more extended researches, and create a desire to know more clearly the wonderful conceptions of the masters of musical thought.

In carrying out this plan of sight singing the teacher will need only the knowledge of the simplest signs of notation. With greater skill and experience will come greater and quicker results, but any teacher who is in earnest will see a satisfactory return in the simplicity of this process of teaching, as the underlying principles are surely and easily developed.

This study of Tune and Time should precede every lesson in singing, and no section of the work in either direction should be left until the desired result is fully attained.

In order to understand the signs of our musical notation, two things are necessary :

1. A musical conception of the so-called Major Scale.
2. A mental conception of the measure in its different forms.

These two are comprised in the general heads of *Tune* and *Time.*

TUNE.

For a beginning in *Tune* a thorough knowledge of our series of tones called the Major Scale is absolutely necessary. This is learned by imitation through voice or instrument, and the student must aim to produce it in as exact tune as possible. Unless this is first acquired all the deviations from its natural order will be very uncertain. It should be repeated many times and the study of it should form the introduction to every practice hour.

When the tune of the scale has been learned a gradual knowledge of its different notations is easily gained. For this purpose the various representations in general use, thirteen in number, are given. They are in the compass most easily sung by the different voices, Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.

The Tenor part is more frequently expressed upon the G clef, as with Soprano voices, but the tones sound an octave lower.

The sharps and flats necessary to preserve the order of tones found in the well-known standard are here introduced with the notes.

The scales should be sung, ascending and descending, in the following order:

1. Using the names, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.
2. Using the pitch names, C, D, E, F, &c.
3. Using a single vowel, such as ä, ō or ē, throughout.

In singing the last the student should endeavor to fix the representation in mind, using both G and F clefs, and this should be done as far as possible without looking at the representation.

For the convenience of the younger singers, Sopranos and Altos, slight changes may be made in the pitch of the key notes or starting points.

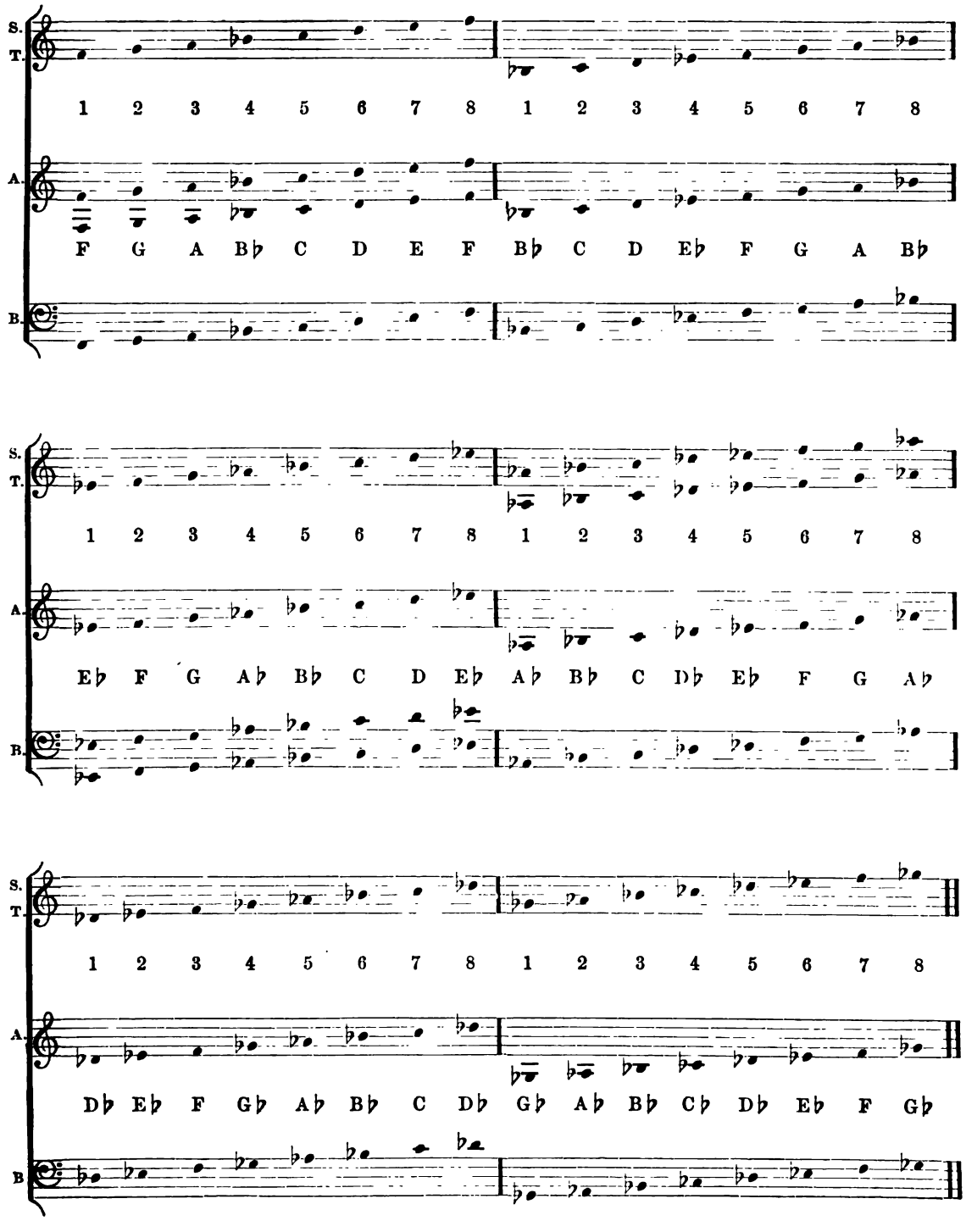
Much time should be spent in the practice of the tones of the scale, both above and below the key note.

Progressions in connected and detached intervals should be made in as great a variety as possible.

At the outset the parts should receive separate drill. They may afterward sing in conjunction.

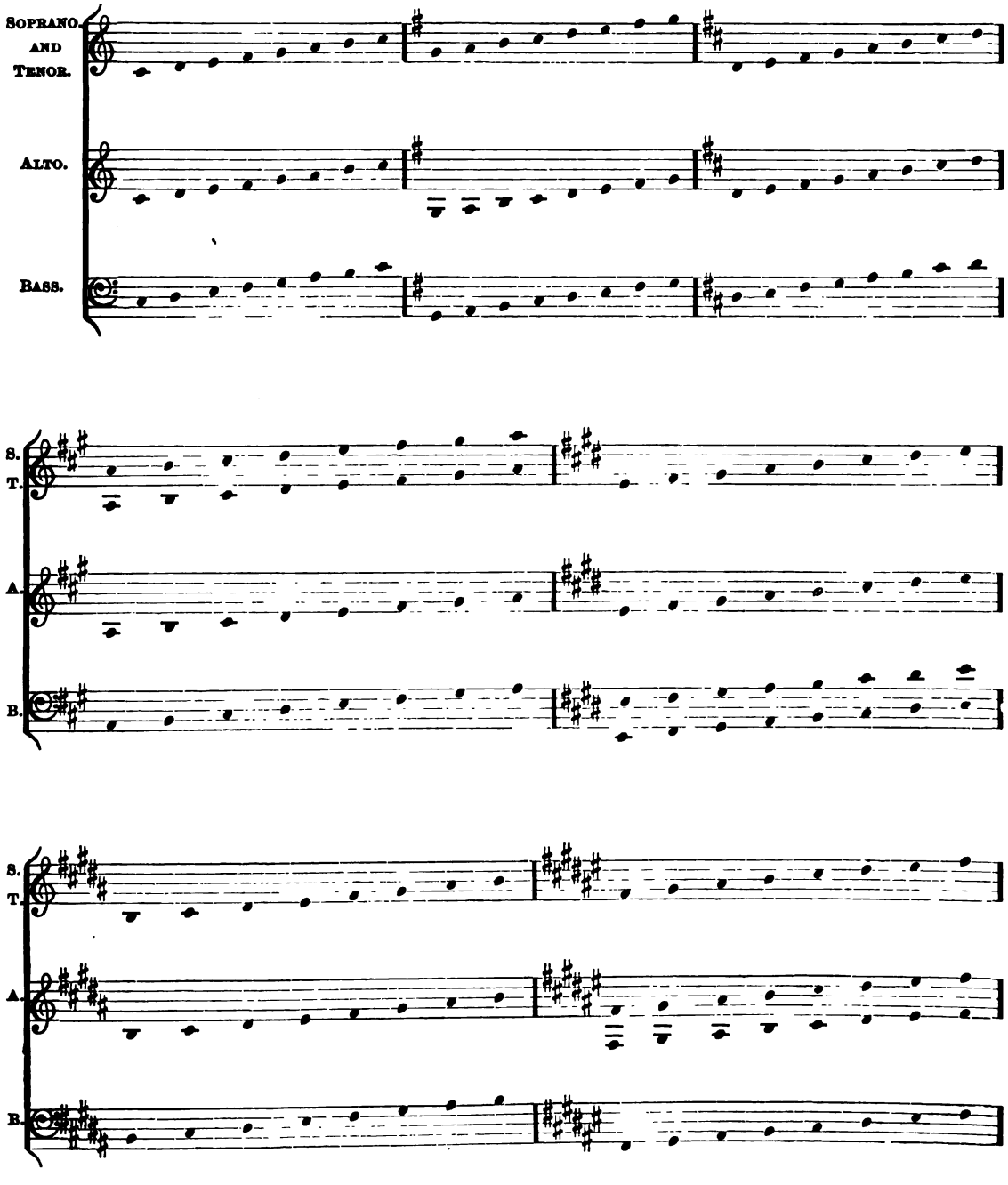
The scale representations are as follows:

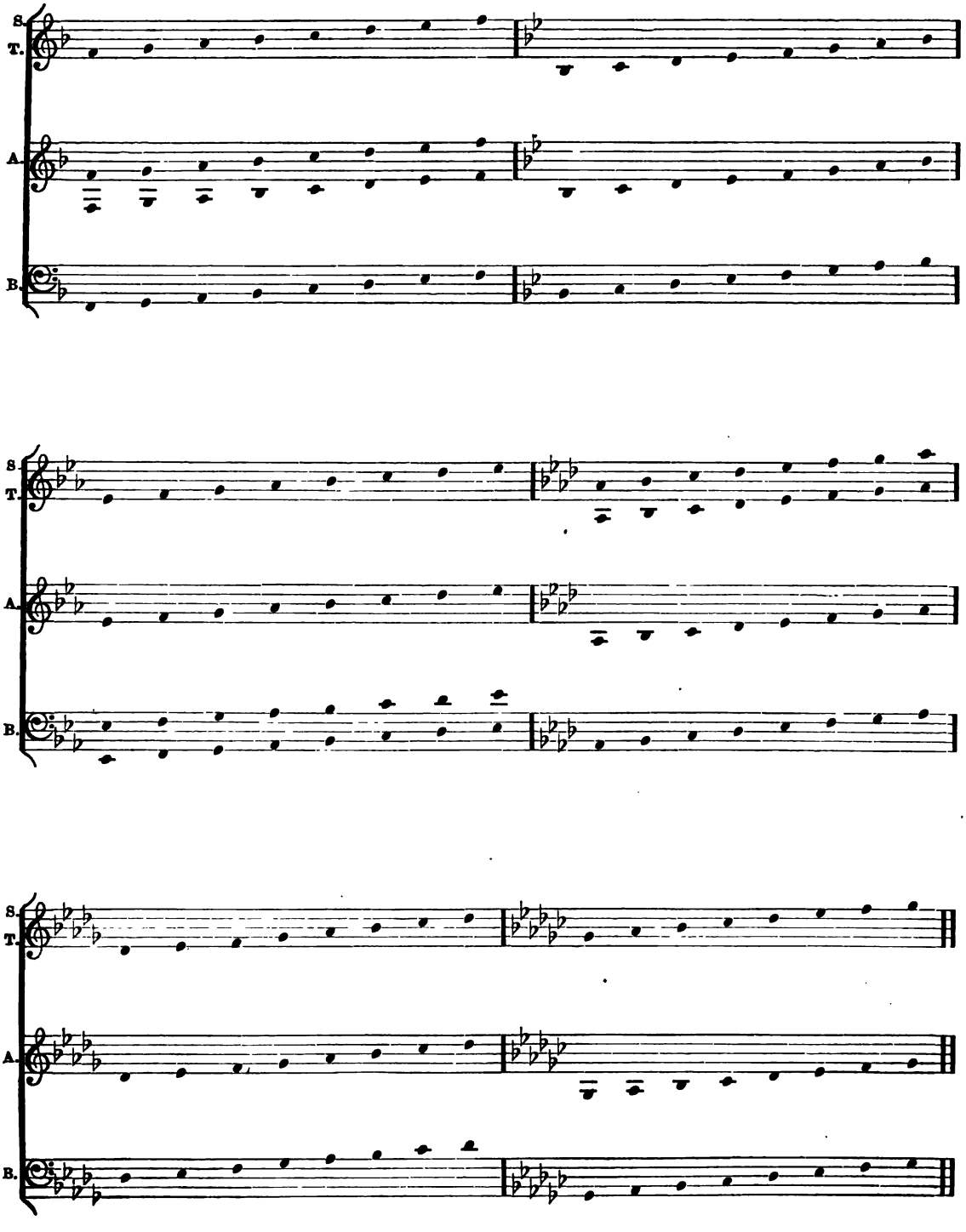
SOPRANO AND TENOR.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
ALTO.
C D E F G A B C G A B C D E F♯ G D E F♯ G A B C♯ D
BASS.
S. T.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
A.
A B C♯ D E F♯ G♯ A E F♯ G♯ A B C♯ D♯ E
B.
S. T.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
A.
B C♯ D♯ E F♯ G♯ A♯ B F♯ G♯ A♯ B C♯ D♯ E♯ F♯
B.


S.
T.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
A.
F G A B♭ C D E F B♭ C D E♭ F G A B♭
B.
S.
T.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
A.
E♭ F G A♭ B♭ C D E♭ A♭ B♭ C D♭ E♭ F G A♭
B.
S.
T.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
A.
D♭ E♭ F G♭ A♭ B♭ C D♭ G♭ A♭ B♭ C♭ D♭ E♭ F G♭
B

Having learned the various representations of the scale, the necessary sharps and flats having been introduced with the notes, they may now be practiced with the prefixed signatures.

They are as follows.




S.
T.
A.
B.

TIME.

All thorough teachers of music know that the art of "keeping time" is a difficult matter to gain, and that to it constant attention should be given. The French Time-names are here introduced as valuable aids in gaining a true perception of the various kinds of measure, with their ordinary sub-divisions. Their value has been demonstrated beyond doubt through years of practice.

It will be seen that every note in the measure has its name, and if these names are used with some independent and sure guide, a certainty and precision of attack can be acquired far exceeding that shown by any muscular exertion of hands or arms of either teacher or singer.

The values represented by notes are spoken. Those represented by rests, and printed in italics, are whispered. The syllables are *never sung*. They are spoken or whispered in a sharp (not loud) and decided manner. In all cases the accent must be preserved.

When a feeling for accurate time has been acquired, the Time-names are laid aside, to be called up only when some special difficulty is encountered.

Many (some thirty) years ago the author devised a pendulum for singers and players, to enable them to gain regularity and certainty in the different kinds of mensural accent. Having proved its efficacy in doing this work in vocal and instrumental practice, it was introduced in a series of exercises prepared for public schools. This pocket metronome, now so generally used, has proved to be of great value; in fact, in no other way can a true feeling for accurate time be so easily gained.

If time is beaten by singers in a class, it will generally be noticed that each one's neighbor acts as a metronomic guide, and that simultaneous action is almost an impossibility. A perceptible interval of time is found between the thought and action, and this leads to a sluggishness in the movement. No freedom of action can be gained until absolute accuracy in time is secured. The pendulum cannot be controlled, and the result is sure.

In practice, the pendulum should not be held in the hand by the teacher, but it should be suspended in sight of the class. It should be swung at a given rate during *many measures*. Without this no clear idea of a movement can be established. Establish each kind of measure at different degrees of rapidity before making a change.

A few experiments will convince any one of the difficulty of *retaining* a regular rate of movement. This can only be acquired by long and careful practice. Figures placed upon the metronome, at different lengths indicate the rate of pulsation during a minute. Various degrees of rapidity should be practiced, ranging from 60 to 160 pulsations. The rate of the vibration is fixed by the length of the pendulum, and not by the distance through which it passes.

The author would impress upon the student this important study, feeling sure that few are conscious of the great difficulty of attaining regular and sustained mensural movement. Long experience has convinced him of the sad deficiencies shown by nearly all bodies of singers. These irregularites are rarely overcome, and in all cases the individuality of the leader, through more or less necessary extravagance of action and sound, becomes annoying and intrusive, diminishing if not destroying the sympathy which should be aroused between *composer* and auditors. In a majority of cases the sympathy of the listener is for instead of with the singers.

If this time work is undertaken at the outset, a new and hitherto unacquired gain in the direction of time will be established, never to be diminished or lost.

The various forms of measure in general use may be classed as follows:

1. Two-part measure, with one accent upon the first pulsation.—The Time-names are Tă, Tā.

2. Three-part measure, with one accent upon the first pulsation.—The Time-names are Tă, Tā, Tē.

3. Four-part measure, with two accents; a strong one on the first, and a weaker one on the third pulsation.—The Time-names are Tă, Tā, Tō, Tē.

4. Six-part measure, with two accents, a strong one on the first and a weaker one on the fourth pulsation.—The Time-names are Tă, Tā, Tē, Tō, Tā, Tē.

If one or more pulsations are united by longer or tied notes, the first consonant only is spoken, the changes in the vowel shapes being made as the units occur.

The Division of the Pulsation.

1. When two sounds are given to each pulsation.—The Time-names are: Two-part measure, Tä fä, Tā fā. Three-part measure, Tä fä, Tā fā, Tē fē. Four-part measure, Tä fä, Tā fā, Tō fō, Tē fē. Six-part measure, Tä fä, Tā fā, Tē fē, Tō fō, Tā fā, Tē fē.

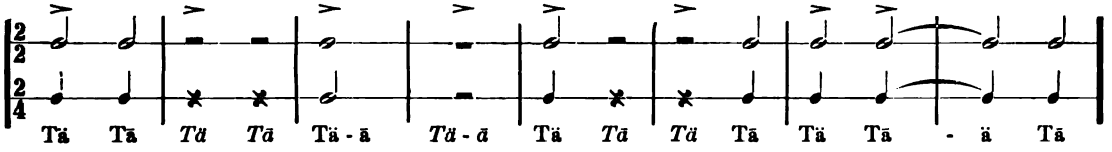
2. Three sounds in each pulsation.—The Time-names are: Two-part measure, Tä rä lä, Tā rā lā. Three-part measure, Tä rä lä, Tā rā lā, Tē rē lē. Four-part measure, Tä rä lä, Tā rā lā, Tō rō lō, Tē rē lē. Six-part measuse, Tä rä lä, Tā rā lā, Tē rē lē, Tō rō lō, Tā rā lā, Tē rē lē.

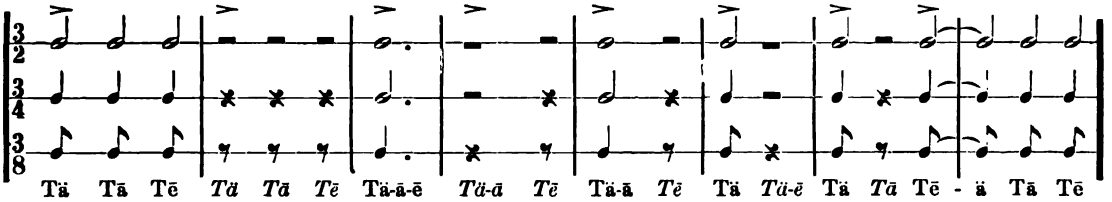
4. Four sounds in each pulsation.—The Time-names are: Two-part measure, Tä zä fä nä, Tā zā fā nā, Three-part measure, Tä zä fä nä, Tā zā fā nā, Tē zē fē nē. Four-part measure, Tä zä fä nä, Tā zā fā nā, Tō zō fō nō, Tē zē fē nē. Six-part measure, Tä zä fä nä, Tā zā fā nā, Tē zē fē nē, Tō zō fō nō, Tā zā fā nā, Tē zē fē nē.

A short and careful study should be made of these Time-names before condemning so simple an expedient. In this way all the needless and violent shouting and stamping on the part of the teacher can be avoided, and the problems will be so solved that the one desirable end is attained — the singers can help themselves and prove the value of every note. This is an end which every teacher knows is rarely or never gained by the old manner.

MENSURAL RHYTHM WITH TIME NAMES.

Undivided Pulsations.





—X—

Divided (half) Pulsations.

Tă fă Tă fă Tă fă

Divided (various fractional) Pulsations.

Tä zä fä nä Tā zā fā nā Tä fä nä Tā fā nā Tä zä fä Tā zā fā Tä-ä-ä nä Tā-ā-ā nā
Tä zä-ä nä Tā zā-ā nā
Tä zä fä nä Tā zā fā nā Tē zē fē nē Tä fä nä Tā fā nā Tē fē nē Tä-ä-ä nä Tā-ā-ā nā Tē-ē-ē nē
Tä zä fä nä Tā zā fā nā Tō zō fō nō Tē zē fē nē Tä-ä-ä nä Tā-ā-ā nā Tō-ō-ō nō Tē-ē-ē nē
Tä zä fä nä Tā-ā-ā nā Tō fō Tē zē fē Tä Tā zā fā nā Tō fō Tē Tä *fä* Tā zā fā nā Tō *fo* Tē zē fē nē
Tä zä fä nä Tā zā fā nā Tē zē fē nē Tō zō fō nō Tā zā fā nā Tē zē fē nē Tä-ā Tē zē fē nē Tō-ā Tē zē fē nē
Tä rä lä Tā rā lā Tä rä lä Tā rā lā Tē rē lē Tä rä lä Tā rā lā Tō rō lō Tē rē lē
Tä Tä-ō Tē - ä Tā fā *Tō* Tē fē *Tä* Tā Tō fō *Tē* Tä Tā zā fā nā Tō Tē zē fē nē Tä-ā Tō-ē
Tä rä lä Tā fā Tō Tē - ä Tā rā lā Tō fō Tē Tä-ä-ä nä Tā rā lā Tō fō Tē *Tä - ā* Tō-ē *Tä-ā-ō-ē*

The following short exercises are prepared in order to establish the scale representations and also to show the position of every note in the scale series.

The first exercises showed the various series and signatures—

These exercises reverse that operation by taking a given note and then going to the key notes of the keys to which it belongs.

The figure at the beginning of each exercise indicates the degree of the scale upon which the note is found.

Assuming this, it will be an easy task to follow the notes to the end of the exercises.

This practice is indispensible to those who would be sure in reading the notes of our different scale representations.

14.
15. The note E.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22. The note F.
23.
24.
25.
26.

27.
28.
29. The note G.
30.
31.
32.
33.
34.
35.
36. The note A.
37.
38.
39.
40.

41.
42.
43. The note B.
44.
45.
46.
47.
48.
49.
50. The note C♯.
51.
52.

53.
54.
55. The note D♯.
56.
57.
58. The note E♯.
59. The note F♯.
60.
61.
62.
63.
64.

65. The note G♯.
66.
67.
68.
69. The note A♯.
70.
71. The note D♭.
72.
73.
74. The note E♭.
75.
76.

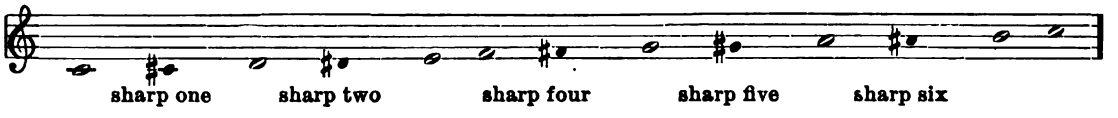
77.
78.
79. The note G♭.
80.
81. The note A♭.
82.
83.
84.
85. The note B♭.
86.
87.
88.
89.
90.
91. The note C♭.

Chromatic tones are deviations from those of the Major Scale, and, when the latter have been thoroughly established, they are easily learned. They are, in ascending, elevations in the pitch of one, two, four, five and six. They are, in descending, depressions in the pitch of seven, six, five, three and two.

Their names are sharp one, sharp two, sharp four, sharp five and sharp six, ascending. Their names are flat seven, flat six, flat five, flat three and flat two, descending.

Placed in the key of C they are as follows, the small notes representing the chromatic or foreign tones.

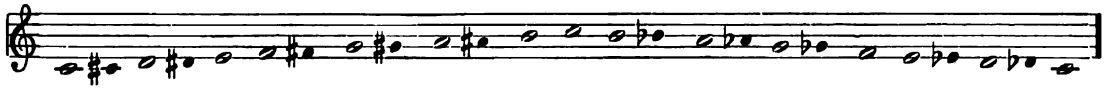
Ascending.



Descending.

In this way the scale is divided into practically twelve equal divisions.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE FROM C, THE MAJOR SCALE BEING THE BASIS.



THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.

In this the chromatic tones have two different notations, although practically the same pitch.

The real, but very minute difference between the ♯ and ♭ is of no consequence, and very few would desire to quibble, if indeed they were able to detect the shades of tone between the two.

PRACTICAL STUDY OF THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

The distance between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8 represents the distance in pitch between the normal (diatonic) tones and their chromatic neighbors.

Remembering how the Chromatic Scale is written, it will be very easy to represent a similar series from every other key note, and the following will be found to be a simple guide to the study of the tones.

These chromatic tones will be more easily learned at the outset when represented upon different degrees of the staff. For instance:

With a little practice the chromatic elevations and depressions may be easily read and sung. The following starting from C, will, it is believed, prove a simple and easy solution of this tone puzzle.

TABLE OF EXERCISES, APPLICABLE TO ANY KEY.

2.	1.	2.	5.	4.	5.	6.	5.	6.	7.	8.	7.
2.	3.	2.	5.	6.	5.	6.	7.	6.	8.	7.	8.
2.	♯1.	2.	5.	♯4.	5.	6.	♯5.	6.			
2.	♭3.	2.	5.	♭6.	5.	6.	♭7.	6.			
2.	♭2.	2.	5.	♭5.	5.	6.	♭6.	6.			
2.	♯2.	2.	5.	♯5.	5.	6.	♯6.	6.			
3.	4.	3.									
4.	3.	4.									

These practical hints in elementary work will, it is hoped, be of assistance to all who desire to know the systems of musical notation. When known, we shall be surprised at the wonderful skill shown by those who have gradually produced the sign language which opens to us the musical ideas of the great masters of the art.

For those who desire a more detailed manual, a book will soon be published with notation of a more complete kind.

EXERCISES IN THREE-PART HARMONY FOR PRACTICE.

The following exercises are written for Soprano, Alto and Bass voices, all of which are placed in easy range. They are written in all the keys employed in vocal music and illustrate the various sections of study as follows.

1. Undivided beat.
2. Divided beat of various kinds.
3. Chromatic tones.
4. Minor keys.

They are simple in style, and are written in melodic form, in order to encourage independent study of each part.

At the outset begin the practice with the lowest part, following with the others in order. Afterwards the different parts may be taken in conjunction.

Sing softly and purely in tone and make a constant effort to keep in tune and pitch without the aid of an instrument. After a short trial of this, the singers will take greater pleasure from their unaided efforts, than with the ordinary intrusive agency of a piano or organ.

6.
7.
8.
9.
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18.
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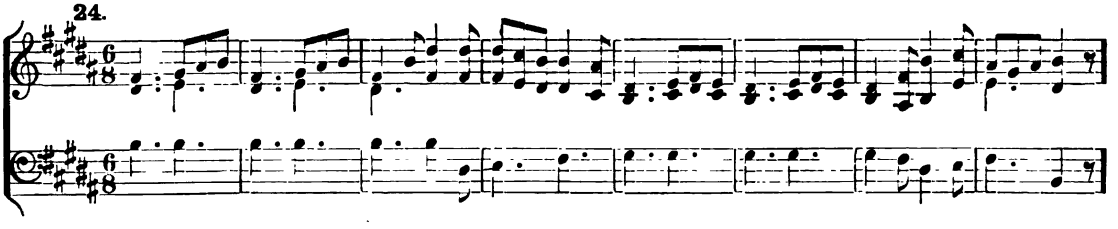
20.
21.

22.

23.

24.



25.

26.

27.

28.

29.

30.

31. CHROMATIC NOTES.

32.

33.

34.
35.
36.
37.
38.
39.
40.

41.

42.

43.

44.

45. Other Divisions of the Pulsation.

46.

47.
48. The Triplet.
49.
50.

51.

52.

53.

54.

55. In Minor Keys.

56.
57.
58.

59.
60.
61.
62.
63.

Part-Songs and Choruses.

PART I.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

Moderato. SWABIAN AIR.

1. High from your nest in the pines, War - ble, sweet bird, High from your
2. Down by the mur - mur - ing brook, War - ble, sweet bird, Down by the
nest in the pines, War - ble, sweet bird, Flood all the woods with your song,
mur - mur - ing brook, War - ble, sweet bird, Call till my maid - en ap - pear,
Why doth my love lin - ger long? High from your nest in the pines, War - ble, sweet bird.
Tell her I wait for her here! Down by the mur - mur - ing brook, War - ble, sweet bird.

FOLK-SONG.

EVER CHANGING.

Un poco allegro. ANTON ANDRE.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. It can - not re - main thus for - ev - er, Here un - der this change-a - ble
2. And yet, though it can - not con - tin - ue, The more will we taste of the

ALTO.

3. Ah yes, but though far from each oth - er Yet near shall our true hearts re -
4. And should we a - gain come to - geth - er, In life's ev - er va - ry - ing

BASS.

moon; We flour - ish on earth for a sea - son, Then fade from re - membrance so
best, For who knows how soon fate may part us, As far as the east from the

main, And each shall en - joy the same pleas - ure, When one an - y good shall ob -
plan, Then joy - ous in - deed will the end be Of a day that so joy - ous be -

soon. Then fade from re - mem - brance so soon.
Then fade from re - mem - - brance, re - mem - brance so soon.
west. As far as the east.. from the west.
As far as the east,..... the east.. from the west.

tain. When one an - y good... shall ob - tain.
When one an - y good,..... an - y good... shall ob - tain.
gan. Of a day that so joy - ous be - gan.
Of a day that so joy - - ous, so joy - ous be - gan.

VON KOTZEBUE. 1802.
Tr. by W. W. C.

SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

BEETHOVEN, arr.

1. Song should breathe of scents and flow - ers, Song should like a riv - er flow;
2. Pain and pleas - ures, all man do - eth, War and peace, and right and wrong,
Song should bring back scenes and hours That we loved,—ah, long a - go!
All things that the soul sub - du - eth, Should be van-quished, too, by song.
Song from bas - er thoughts should win us; Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should spur the mind to du - ty; Nerve the weak and stir the strong:
Song should stir the heart with - in us, Like a pa - triot's friend - ly blow.
Ev - ery deed of truth and beau - ty Should be crowned by star - ry song.

BARRY CORNWALL.

CHORUS.—OH, HOW LOVELY IS THE MORNING.

Moderato.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

From "DIE SCHWEIZERFAMILIE."

JOSEF WEIGL. 1766—1846.

p mf mf

Oh, how love - ly is the morn - ing! Oh, how love - ly is the

ALTO.

Oh, how love - ly is the morn - ing! Oh, how love - ly is the

BASS.

f p

morn - ing, how love - ly is the morn - ing. Grief and troub - le gai - ly

morn - ing, how love - ly is the morn - ing. Grief and troub - le gai - ly

scorn - ing; No more weep - ing, no more weep - ing, no more weep - ing, no more

scorn - ing; No more weep - ing, no more weep - ing, no more weep - ing, no more

f

pain. Bright - ly glows the sun in heav - en, Bright - ly glows the sun in

pain. Bright - ly glows the sun in heav - en, Bright - ly glows the sun in

dolce. legato.
dim.
p
heav - en. Peace and joy once more are giv - en To our anx - ious
heav - en. Peace and joy once more are giv - en To our anx - ious
sf
p
sf
p
hearts a - gain— To our anx - ious hearts a - gain. To our anx - ious
hearts a - gain— To our anx - ious hearts a - gain. To our anx - ious
mf
mf
hearts... a - gain. Oh, how love - ly— Oh, how
mf
hearts... a - gain. Oh, how love - ly—
f
love - ly. Oh, how love - ly is the morn - - ing.
cres.
f
Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is the morn - - - ing.

SPRING GREETING.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. 1810—1856.

Lento.
1. With thous - and smiles our wel - come share, Grace - ful, gen - tle Spring - time, Be
2. You came, and still'd is win - ter's wail, Grace - ful, gen - tle Spring - time, O'er
3. With thous - and smiles our wel - come share, Grace - ful, gen - tle Spring - time, Oh,
wel - come to our val - ley here, Gen - tle, grace - ful Spring-time. Ten-der Springtime,
joyed are mead - ow, for - est, vale, Gen - tle, grace - ful Spring-time. Sweetest voic - es
dwell long in our val - ley dear, Gen - tle, grace - ful Spring-time. Joy to eve - ry
doub - ly dear, Greet - ing take, and with it song and cheer—Sweet song and cheer.
thee re - gale, Greet - ing take from lark and night - in - gale— And night - in - gale.
sad heart bring, So that all may sing to joy - ous Spring—To joy - ous Spring.

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

LOVE'S STAR.

Con grazia.

VON WEBER, arr.

1. While o - ver life's path - way we jour - ney, And youth is still with us to cheer,
   Dark clouds may at times hide the heav - ens, And gloom-y our path seem to be,....

2. We know that the clouds will soon scat - ter, The dark-ness be driv - en a - way,..
   Dark clouds may at times hide the heav - ens, And gloom-y our path seem to be,....

1. What rap - ture we feel to see o'er us The plan - et of love shin - ing clear.
   Though gloomy, though gloom-y our path - way, Still cheer - ful, still cheer - ful we'll be.

2. And o - ver us shin - ing se - rene - ly The star a - gain beam on our way.
   Though gloomy, though gloom-y our path - way, Still cheer - ful, still cheer - ful we'll be.

How - ev - er mis - for-tunes may threat - en, Or winds of ad - ver - si - ty blow, We

Then heed not tho' troubles may meet us, And tem - pests a - round rudely blow, But

give them no heed, but still on - ward With cour - age and con - fi - dence go.

ev - er with cour - age press on - ward, With songs and re - joic - ing still go!

W. W. CALDWELL.

COME NOW AND HASTE AWAY.

Andantino. NEAPOLITAN SONG.

1. Come then, and haste a - way, For winds are blow-ing, And bring the
Up - on the peace-ful sea The moon is beam-ing, With calm and
2. Why should we wait for stars To shine more bright-ly? Why should we
The star and plac-id moon Are now u - nit - ing, To call us
cheer - ful heart With friend - ship glow - ing; When o'er the gen - tle wave;
plac - id light The stars are gleam - ing; Come then, ah, come a - way,
hope for winds To blow more gent - ly? They speak in si - lent tones,
to the sea With looks in - vit - ing; Come then, ah, come a - way,
Our bark is bound-ing, The tones of mu - sic sweet Shall then be sound - ing;
And ban - ish sad - ness, For on the laugh - ing wave We'll sail with glad - ness.
And tell us tru - ly, And urge us to our bark, Which sails so gai - ly;
And ban - ish sad-ness, For on the laugh-ing wave We'll sail with glad - ness.

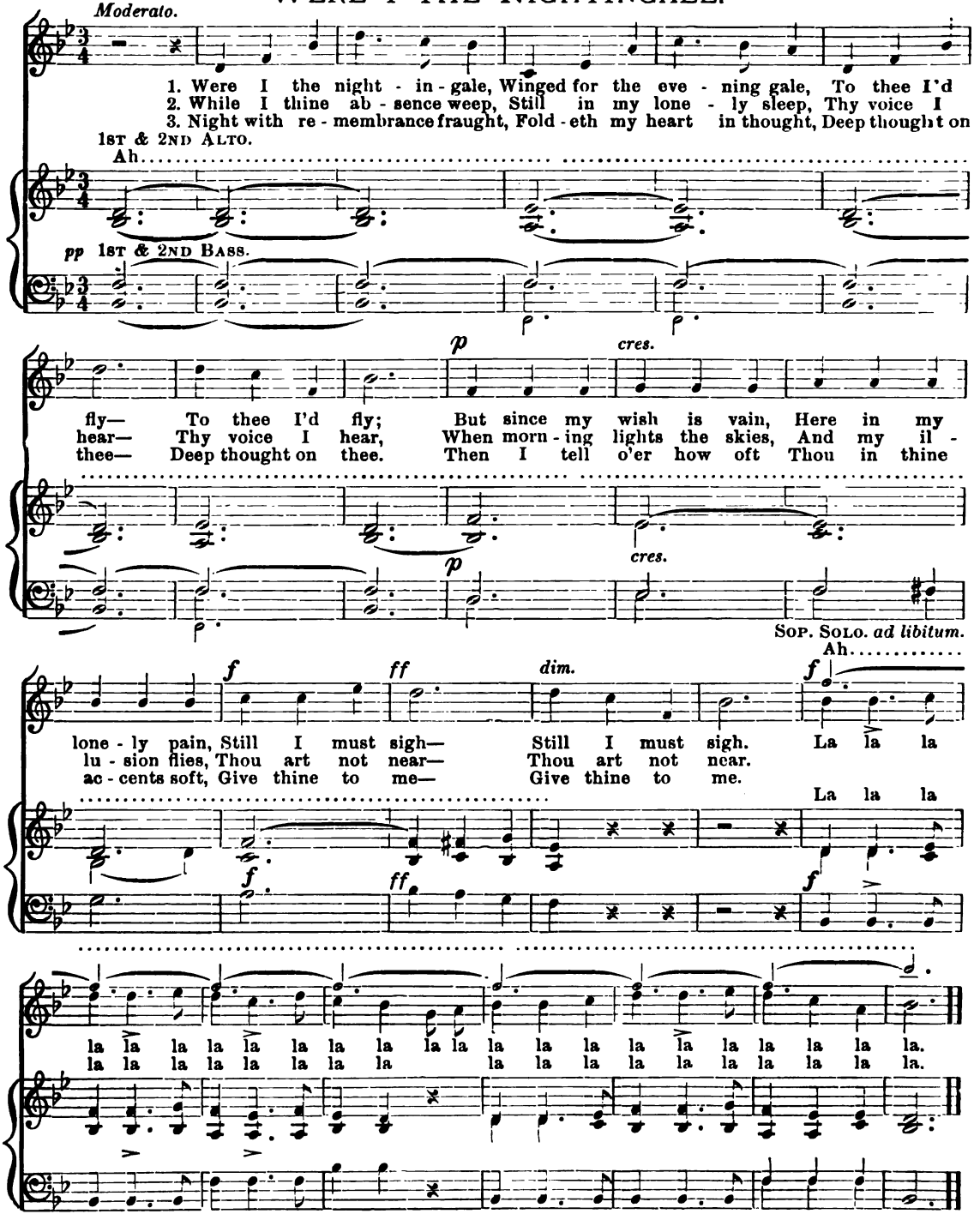
OVER THE STARS.

FRANZ ABT, arr. 1819—1885.

1. O - ver the stars there shall come a glad morn - ing, When all thy long - ings, thy
2. O - ver the stars all il - lu - sions shall van - ish, Clear - ly ex - plained, ev - ery
3. O - ver the stars shall a - gain meet to - geth - er Those who on earth sad mis -
4. O - ver the stars, O thou death - wea - ry mor - tal Palm trees are wav - ing re -
hopes shall be stayed; What thou hast borne here, what thou hast suf - fered, There by the
doubt shalt thou see, All thou hast wait - ed for promised by heav - en, There shall be
for - tune did part, There shall di - viding walls fall down for - ev - er, Joy - ful - ly
freshment for thee, And to a sure rest, their ho - ly psalms sing - ing, An - gel - ic
All-wise shall be am - ply re - paid— There by the All-wise shall be am - ply re - paid.
ful - ly be-stowed up - on thee— There shall be ful - ly be-stowed up - on thee.
there heart u - nit - ing with heart, — Joy - ful - ly there heart u - nit - ing with heart.
hosts thine at - ten-dants shall be — An - gel - ic hosts thine at - ten - dants shall be.

IDA VON HAHN-HAHN, 1803.

WERE I THE NIGHTINGALE.


Moderato.
1. Were I the night - in - gale, Winged for the eve - ning gale, To thee I'd
2. While I thine ab - sence weep, Still in my lone - ly sleep, Thy voice I
3. Night with re - membrance fraught, Fold - eth my heart in thought, Deep thought on
1st & 2nd Alto.
Ah.
pp 1st & 2nd Bass.
p
cres.
fly— To thee I'd fly; But since my wish is vain, Here in my
hear— Thy voice I hear, When morn - ing lights the skies, And my il -
thee— Deep thought on thee. Then I tell o'er how oft Thou in thine
Sop. Solo. ad libitum.
Ah.
f
ff
dim.
lone - ly pain, Still I must sigh— Still I must sigh. La la la
lu - sion flies, Thou art not near— Thou art not near.
ac - cents soft, Give thine to me— Give thine to me.
La la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

OH WELCOME, FAIR WOOD.

ROBERT FRANZ, 1815.

1. Oh wel - come, fair wood,.. green sha - dy re - treat!.. Soft - ly
2. O'er up - lands of grass,.. from val - ley be - low,.... Rise the
3. With flow - ers a - round.. on ev - er - y side,.... I....
rus - tle thy branch - es my pres - ence to greet, I.... drink in the
sound of the bells, and the sun - set.... glow, And the oak boughs to
gaze.. on the earth and the heav - ens so wide! And I dream in the
breez - es, so fresh and so light,.. And free - ly I breathe to my
heav - en their branch - es up - raise;.. They joy - ful - ly rus - tle a
si - lence that now lin - gers there... The heav - ens are mine and the
hearts de - light— I..... breathe to my hearts..... de - light.....
song of praise— They.. rus - tle a song..... of praise...
earth so fair— They are mine with the earth..... so fair.....

ROQUETTE.

THE LULLABY.

STORACE.

Soft and slow.
p
1. Peace - ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger
p
2. Is the wind tem - pest - uous blow - ing, Still no dan - ger yet des -
mp
nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo - tion, Soothe them
cry; The guile - less heart its boon be - stow - ing, Soothes them
mp

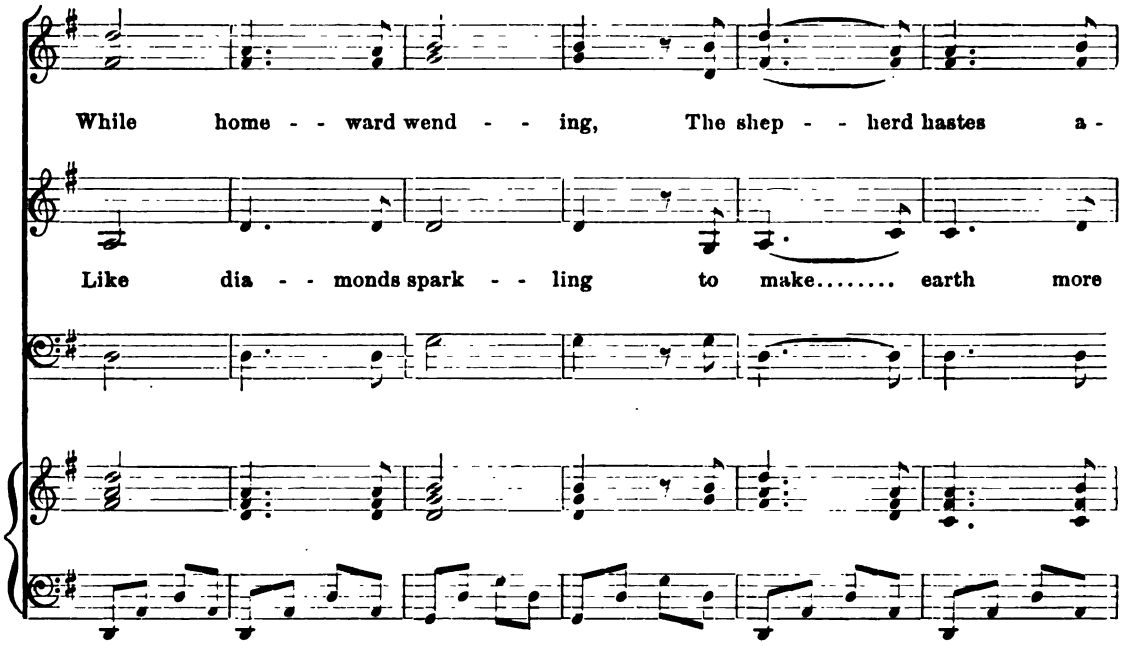
cres.
p
cres.
with their lul - la - by. lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
with its lul - la - by. lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
lul - - - - - la - - - - -
cres.
p
dim.
p
pp lento.
lul - la - by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - - - by.
p
pp
lul - la - by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - - - by.
pp
by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - - - by.
p
pp lento.

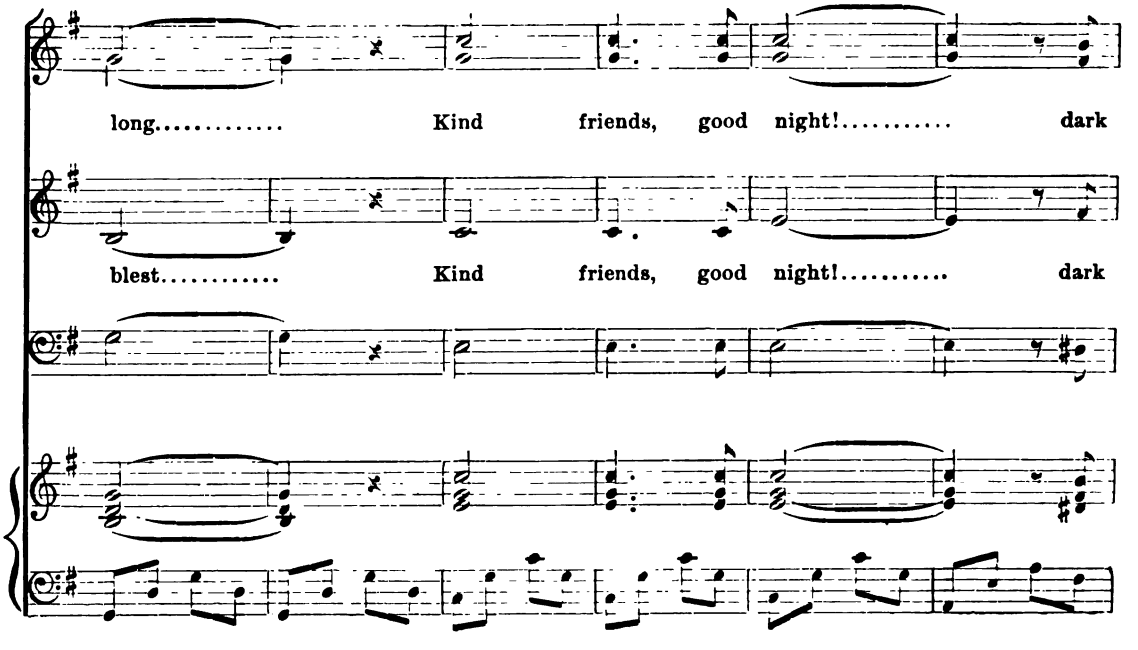
SOFTLY THE ECHO.

Arr. from ROSSINI.

Andante.
Soft - - ly the ech - - o
Calm - - ly all na - - ture in
pp
p
from the moun - tain peal - - ing, Still re - peats the
si - - lence is sleep - - ing E - - ven the

mur - - mur of our eve - ning song;..... Calm - -
zeph - - yrs seem lulled.... in - to rest..... While
ly a - round us twi - light hour is steal - - ing,
from heav'ns blue arch bright stars are peep - - ing,


While home - - ward wend - - ing, The shep - - herd hastes a -
Like dia - - monds spark - - ling to make..... earth more


long..... Kind friends, good night!..... dark
blest..... Kind friends, good night!..... dark

shades round us close,..... kind friends, good
shades round us close,..... kind friends, good
dim.
pp
night!..... 'tis time for re - pose.....
night!..... 'tis time for re - pose.....
dim.
pp

LOVE IN MAY.

Chanson of the 17th Century,
arr. by W. F. TAYLOR.

Allegretto.

p 1ST SOPRANO.

1. Shep - herd - ess so gen - tle, Love me, I'll love
2. 'Neath the sweet spring fo - liage, Oft I seek for

2ND SOPRANO.

ALTO.

3. When the lark's sweet sing - ing Wakes the ear - ly
4. Here are sweet - - est ros - es, Just cull'd from the

BASS.

thee, Have no cause for fear - ing, I will love..... but thee.
thee, When thou 'rt ab - sent call - ing, Come, sweet love,..... to me.

rit.

day, My mu - sette I'm play - ing, This is my ..... one lay.
tree, But there's ne'er a flow - er Is so sweet..... as thee.

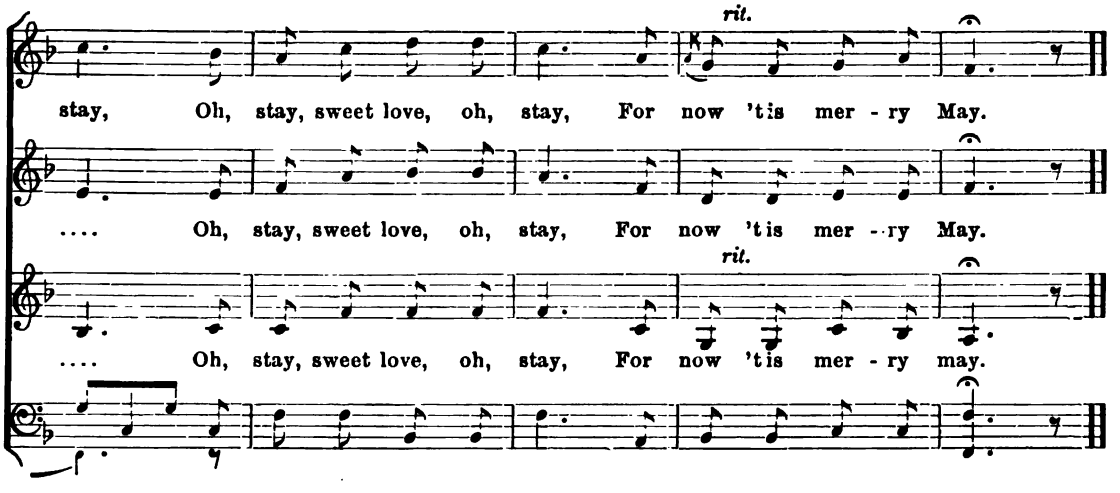
rit.

a tempo.

1 to 4. Oh, sweet love, stay, Oh, stay, for now 'tis mer - ry May, Oh, sweet love,

Ah.....

Ah.....


rit.
stay, Oh, stay, sweet love, oh, stay, For now 'tis mer - ry May.
.... Oh, stay, sweet love, oh, stay, For now 'tis mer - ry May.
rit.
.... Oh, stay, sweet love, oh, stay, For now 'tis mer - ry may.

I CHOSE A STAR IN HEAVEN.

1. I chose a star in heav - en, My guid - ing star to be,..... And
2. There saw I ev - ry eve - ning Its con - stant, lov - ing smile;.... And
3. It was my guide so faith - ful, In man - y a gloom - y night,..... And
oft as I looked thith - er, It bright - ly shone on me.....
felt sweet rest and com - fort De - scend on me the while....
oft through un - seen dan - gers Led all my steps a - right.....

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

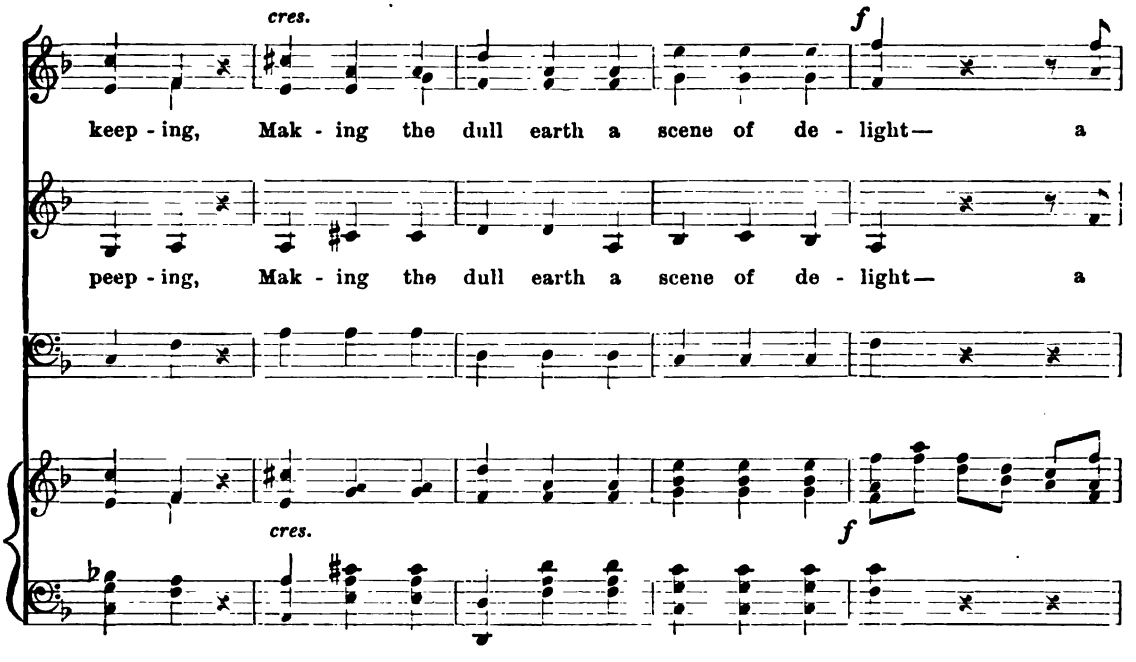
FAIRY CHORUS.

Arr. from VERDI.

Allegretto.
1. Sis - ters, trip light - ly, o'er dale and moun - tain Our fai - ry foot - steps
2. Sis - ters, trip light - ly, heed not the shad - ows Dim - ming the moon - light's

leave not a trace; Now the bright moon - beams sil - ver the
glit - ter - ing ray; Soon as our light spells cir - cle the
foun - tain, All na - ture's smil - ing with heavenly grace.
mead-ows, All trace of dark - ness pass - es a - way.

Wea - ried by sun - shine, mor - tals are sleeping, In dream-y slum-ber
Who'd be a mor - tal, care - worn, or sleeping, While fra - grant flow-'rets
cres.
pass - es their night; While we our rev - els gai - ly are
wreathe the fair night; And from their dwell - ings bright stars are
cres.


cres.
f
keep - ing, Mak - ing the dull earth a scene of de - light— a
peep - ing, Mak - ing the dull earth a scene of de - light— a
cres.
f

f
scene of de - light— a scene of de - light.....
scene of de - light— a scene of de - light.....
f

THE WORLD AN ORCHESTRA.

HIMMEL. 1803.

Andante, con moto.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

1. An or - ches - tra is this world, tru - ly.... an.... or - ches - tra, Where
And har - mo - ny's our lov - ing sis - ter our lov - ing sis - - ter, For

ALTO.

2. *An - dan - te* is the poor man's tem - po, the poor man's tem - - po, *Al* -
For kings and rul - ers *ma - es - to - so,.... ma - es - to - so,* While

BASS.

we as in - stru-ments ap - pear— Where we as in - stru-ments ap - pear.
help and guidance ev - er near— For help and guidance ev - er near.

le - gro for the nob - ler kind— *Al - le - gro* for the nob - ler kind.
we *fal - set - to* sing be - hind— While we *fal - set - to* sing be - hind.

The kings and rul - ers are di - rect - ors, And for the oth - ers mark the

While man - y play, a - las, but vain - ly, Be - cause their strings oft dis - a -

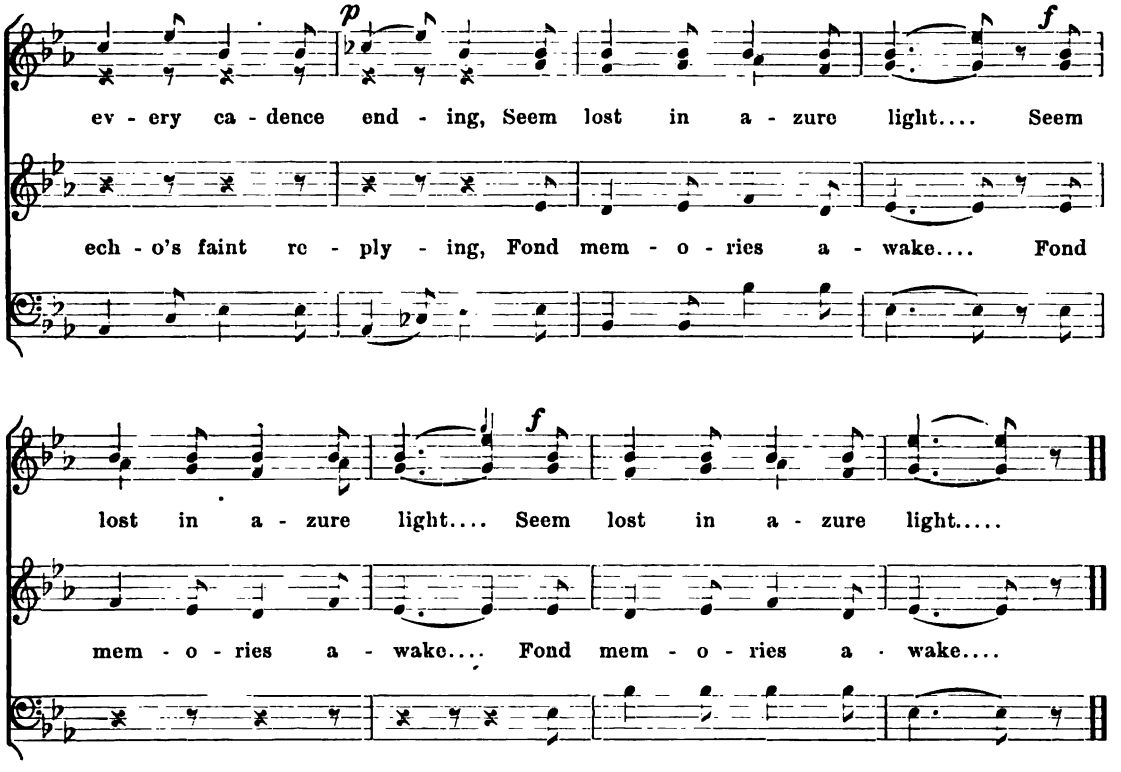
time, While we poor wretch - es make the mu - sic Dis -
gree, And so a man how - e'er de - serv - ing, May
cor - dant now, and now in chime— While we poor wretches make the mu - sic, Dis -
but a bel - lows blower be— And so, a man howe'er de - serv - ing, May
cor - dant now, and now in chime..... Dis - cor - dant now, and now in chime.
but a bel - lows blow - er be..... May but a bel - lows blow - er be.

A. VON KOTZEBUE. 1803.

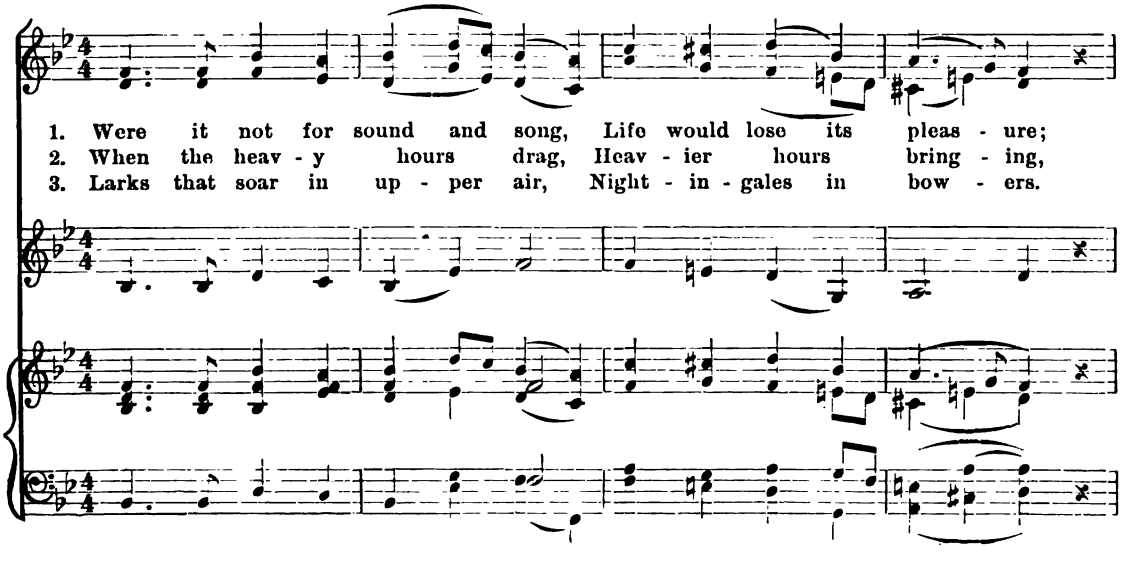
THE SILENT MOON IS BEAMING.

Andantino. Arr. from ROSSINI.

p
1. The si - lent moon is beam - ing, While lulled in fair - y dream - ing We
2. The waves are calm - ly sleep - ing, The dew - y flowers are weep - ing, And
watch its ra - diance gleam - ing Up - on the wa - ters bright. Our
stars their vig - ils keep - ing A - bove the tran-quil lake. Light
voic - es soft - ly blend - ing, In har - mo - ny as - cend - ing, With
zeph - yrs soft - ly sigh - ing, 'Mid fra - grant per - fume dy - ing, To
p
ev - ery ca - dence end - ing, Seem lost in a - zure light.... With
f
ech - o's faint re - ply - ing, Fond mem - o - ries a - wake.... To


p
f
ev - ery ca - dence end - ing, Seem lost in a - zure light.... Seem
ech - o's faint re - ply - ing, Fond mem - o - ries a - wake.... Fond
f
lost in a - zure light.... Seem lost in a - zure light.....
mem - o - ries a - wake.... Fond mem - o - ries a - wake....

PRAISE OF SINGING.


1. Were it not for sound and song, Life would lose its pleas - ure;
2. When the heav - y hours drag, Heav - ier hours bring - ing,
3. Larks that soar in up - per air, Night - in - gales in bow - ers.

We could not en - dure it long, Such a load of treas - ure.
When our spir - its faint and flag, Then we take to sing - ing.
Quails that sing in mead - ows fair, Fly - ing through the flow - ers;
Say, what is it soothes the mind, And the heart re - joic - es.
Cheer - i - ly the while we sing, Flies the light - ened hour;
How they war - ble! sky and grove With their songs are ring - ing;
'T is the burst of joy - ous song, Blend - ing hap - py voic - - es.
Dull - ness lifts his droop - ing wing, Roused by mu - sic's pow - - er.
We like them, will ev - er - more Cheer the hours by sing - - ing.

THROUGH FIELD AND BEECHEN FOREST.

1. Through field and beech - en for - - est, When ear - ly breaks the
2. Hark to the morn's blithe her - - ald, The lark on air - y
3. The clouds a - bove move swift - - ly, A bird goes dart - ing
day, With laugh and song how gai - - ly He wan - ders on his
wings! He trav - els too, and sweet - ly His song of glad - ness
by; Yet thought it - self is fleet - - er Than bird or cloud - let
way, Scarce in the east a glim - mer — The earth so calm and
sings, O joy! from hill - top gaz - ing Far down o'er wood and
high, The clouds float down and van - ish, The bird sinks to his

ev - ery sense doth fill— His ev - ery sense doth.... fill.
a - zure spac - es gleam, Clear a - zure spac - es..... gleam.
heaven a - lone find rest— In heaven a - - lone find.... rest.

VON EICHENDORFF.

SUNSHINE.

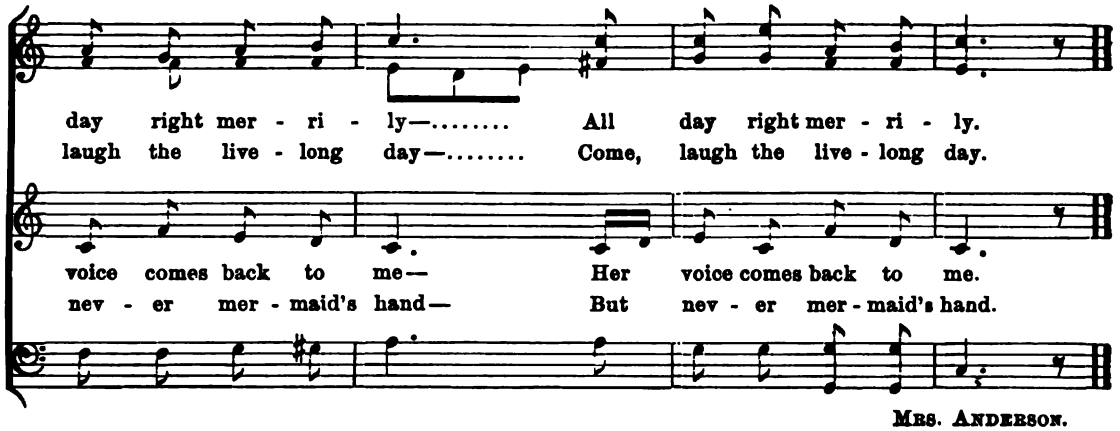
Allegretto.
1. I love the sun - shine ev - ery - where— In wood, and field, and
2. And when it shines in for - est glades, Hid - den and green and
3. Oh yes! I love the sun - - shine; Like kind - ness or like

glen; I love it in the bus - y haunts Of town - im - pris - oned
cool, Through mos - sy boughs and vein - ed leaves, How is it beau - ti -
mirth, Up - on a hu - man coun - ten - ance Is sun - shine on the
men. I love it on the breez - y sea, To glance on sail and
ful! How beau - ti - ful on lit - tle streams, Where sun and shade at
earth! Up - on the earth, up - on the sea, And through the crys - tal
oar, While the great waves, like mol - ten glass, Come leap - ing to the shore.
play, Make sil - very mesh - es, while the brook Goes sing - ing on its way.
air, On piled - up cloud, the gra - cious sun Is glo - rious ev - ery - where.

MARY HOWITT.

THE LITTLE MERMAID.

1. A pret - ty lit - tle mer - maid Lived un - der - neath the sea, She
2. She sang, come to the wa - ters, Oh, come with me and play; We'll
3. I fol - lowed not the mer - maid A - cross the darkening sea; Yet
4. And some - times in the sun - set, To me up - on the strand, Me -
sang a - mong the bil - lows, All day right mer - ri - ly,
chase the rain - bow dol - phins, And laugh the live - long day.
oft - en in the twi - light Comes back her voice to me,
thinks I see her beck - on, And kiss her jew - eled hand.
Like a wild duck swing - ing, Like a blue - bird sing - ing, All
I will show thee treas - ure, And no end of pleas - ure, Come
Like a pale star fall - ing, Like a spir - it call - ing, Her
'Tis a far sail glanc - ing, 'Tis one last beam danc - ing, But


day right mer - ri - ly—..... All day right mer - ri - ly.
laugh the live - long day—..... Come, laugh the live - long day.
voice comes back to me— Her voice comes back to me.
nev - er mer - maid's hand— But nev - er mer - maid's hand.

MRS. ANDERSON.

LILIES WHITE AND ROSES RED.

1. Li - lies white and ros - es red,..... Earth - ward sad - ly bend you,
2. Gen - tly twine a - bout her sleep.... Bier and cof - fin cov - er,
3. Then too fade, as fa - ded she,..... Sum - mer's blue yet o'er her
She who loved you so is dead, Nev - er more can tend you.
And with sweet - est fra - grance creep Brow and tress - es o - ver.
When with tears of an - guish we To the cool grave bore her.

GERMAN, Tr.

THE RAIN.

Animato.

1. Up in the an - cient roof - tree, Hid - ing a - mong the leaves,
2. Rush - ing down in a tor - rent, Wet - ting the farm - er's hay,
3. Fill - ing up the cis - terns Mak - ing the riv - ers flow,
4. Rain - drops, bless - ed rain - drops! Come ye fast or slow,
Toy - ing with sway - ing branch - es..... Danc - ing in mos - sy eaves
Just as the boys are try - ing.... To save and stow it a - way;
Bless - ing the droop - ing corn - field And the patch where the mel - ons grow;
Bring - ing to our vis - ion..... Oft the prom - ised bow;
Mak - ing the soft - est mu - - sic, Kiss - ing the win - dow pane;.....
Tear - ing to earth the vine - - lets Climb - ing the cot - tage wall,.....
Wak - ing a bud of beau - ty Where a with - ered leaf had been.
Gift of the great All - Fa - ther, Sent the world to cheer,.....

These are some of the frol - ics Of the gent - ly fall - ing rain.
These are some of the mis - chiefs When the heav - y rain - drops fall.
Do - ing each lit - tle du - - ty With no thought of mur - mur - ing.
Hearts were sad with - out.... thee..... Earth were dry and sere.

Mrs. E. A. HARRIMAN.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Where the bee sucks,.... there lurk I; In a cow - slip's
Where the bee sucks,.... there lurk I; In a cow - slip's
bell I lie; Where the bee sucks, there lurk I; In a cow-slip's
bell I lie; Where the bee sucks, there lurk I; In a cow - slip's

bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry; On the bat's back
bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry;... On the bat's back
I do fly..... Af - ter sum - mer mer - ri - ly,
I do fly..... Af - ter sum - mer mer - ri - ly,
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.
Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Un - der the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

GOOD NIGHT.

Lento.
1. Good night; Peace to all who taste of sor-row! Day now has-tens to its
2. Go to rest, Shut your eye-lids;— darkness fall-eth! Hushed are all the streets a-
3. Slumber sweet; Of your par-a-dise be dreaming! Who for love no peace can
4. Good night; Sleep ye till the morn-ing breaketh;— Sleep ye till an-oth-er
close, Bus-y toil-ing hands re-pose.. Till a-wakes the bright-eyed
round, Save the watchman's stil-ly sound, Night to all the wea-ry
find, Let him see a vis-ion kind,— Loved by his be-loved one
day, Calls to oth-er cares a-way; Fear ye not,—your Fa-ther
dim. e rit.
mor-row, Good..... night, Good..... night.
call-eth, "Go.... to rest!" "Go.... to rest!"
seem-ing; Slum-ber sweet! Slum--ber sweet!
wak-eth; Good..... night, Good..... night.

TH. KÖRNER.

THE FLOWERET OF THE HEATHER.

FRANZ ABT, arr.

1. So man - y love - ly flowers I see, That bloom in May's sweet
2. I see them with - er and de - cay, All through the spring-time
2. No Win - ter ere can do thee harm, How - ev - er cold the
weath - er, Yet on - ly one that pleas - es me— The on - ly one that
weath - er, Yet thou dost ev - er ver - dant stay— Yet thou dost ev - er
weath - er, For in my heart I'll keep thee warm— For in my heart I'll
pleas - es me, The Flow - eret of the heath - er, of the heath - -
ver - dant stay, My Flow - eret of the heath - er, of the heath - -
keep thee warm, Dear Flow - eret of the heath - er, of the heath - -
er, The Flow - eret of the heath - er— of the heath - - er.
er, My Flow - eret of the heath - er— of the heath - - er.
er, Dear Flow - eret of the heath - er— of the heath - - er.

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

ADIEU!

1. Now a - dieu, my own dear na - tive land, Dear na - tive land, a -
2. How thou smil - est with blue skies se - rene! Dear na - tive land, a -
3. Thou.. art with me, clear brook - let's flow, Dear na - tive land, a -
dieu! Soon.. I shall seek a for - eign strand, Dear na - tive land, a -
dieu! How thou greet - est me with mead - ows green! Dear na - tive land, a -
dieu! Art thou griev - ing that now I must go, Dear na - tive land, a -
dieu! And.... so I'm sing - ing with joy to - day, As one
dieu! God.... knows that with thee re mains my heart, Al - though
dieu! From each mos - sy stone, each... leaf - y glen, Hear..
sing - eth who trav - els a - way; Dear na - tive land, a - dieu!
now for oth - er climes I de - part, Dear na - tive land, a - dieu!
my last greet - ing ech - o a - gain— Dear na - tive land, a - dieu!

FOLK-SONG.

SPRING SONG.

GERMAN.

Con moto.
1. When the spring-tide comes and wakes the earth a - new, When the drift - ed snow dis - solves in
2. When the white-thorn shakes her blossoms to the ground, When the cuck - oo start-les all the
3. When the mead - ows wear their bri - dal wreath of flowers, When the birds are mak - ing nests in
pear - ly dew, When the brooks are flow - ing, And the flowers are blow-ing, Then, my
woods a - round, When the wild doves coo - ing, Tells of hap - py woo - ing, Then love
leaf - y bowers, Then I think I on - ly, Rest - less am and lone - ly, Lone - ly
heart, what long-ing stirs in you— Then, my heart, what long - ing stirs in you.
wakes, de-mand-ing to be crowned—Then love wakes, de - mand - ing to be crowned.
in this fair sweet world of ours— Lone - ly in this fair sweet world of ours.

FOLK-SONG.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

MENDELSSOHN, arr.

p
1. Let noth - ing cloud thy glad - ness, With sad - ness; De -
2. What fills thy heart with sor - row? To - mor - row? Thou'rt
p
3. Serve God, o - bey, re - vere Him, And fear Him: Stand
cres.
p
ni - als Thou must a - bide—Thou must a - bide; Thon'rt pu - ri - fied By
guid - ed: Heav'n cares for thee—Heav'n cares for thee; Thy wants will be Pro -
cres.
p
fast, man! What He de-crees—What He de - crees Must be and is The
p
tri - als— Thou'rt pu - - ri - fied..... By tri - - als.
vid - ed— Thy wants..... will be..... Pro - vid - - ed.
p
best plan— Must be..... and is..... The best..... plan.

PAUL FLEMMING.

BOAT SONG.

Softly and tenderly. ARR. from MOZART.

p

1. Rock thee, my boat, on the glim - mer - ing bil - lows, Speed - ing a - far o'er the
2. And on the shore how the blos - som - ing hedg - es Ring with the night - in - gale's
3. Then will the sweet eyes a - gain spar - kle bright - ly, Then speak the voice that is

p

gold tin - ted sea,.... Hear - est thou not how the bells of the cat - tle
ex - qui - site song!.. Will it the slum - ber - ing love now a - wak - en,
dear - est to me,.... Then will our song full of rap - ture be ring - ing,

mf

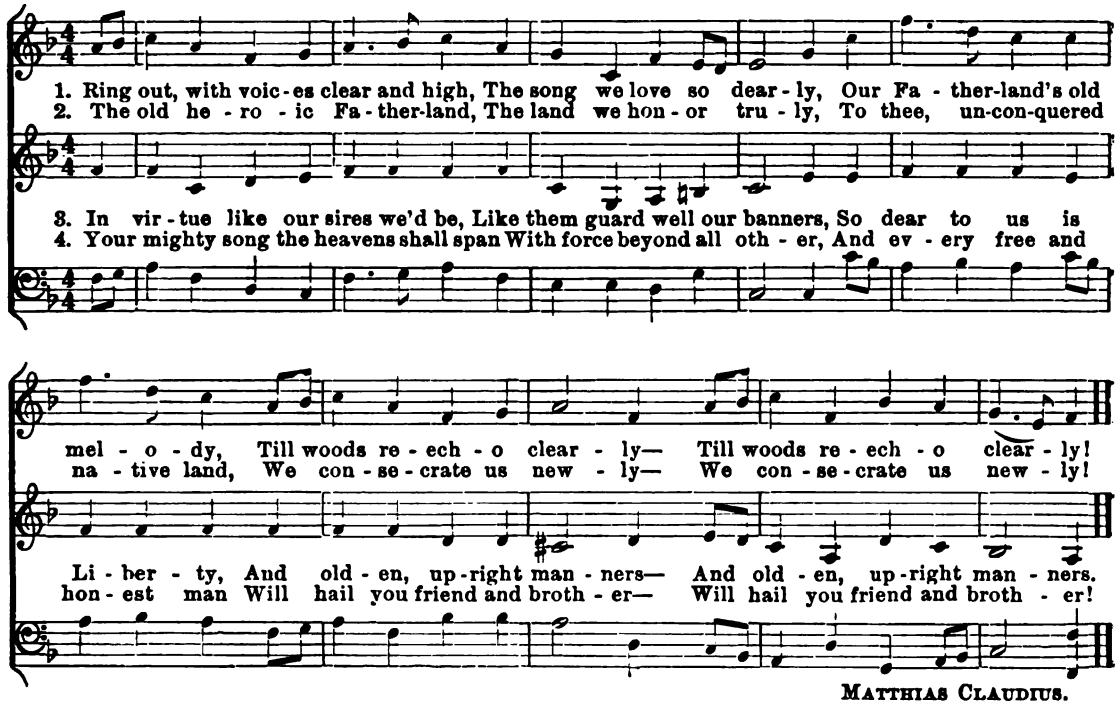
Ring out at home with their clear mel - o - dy? Sweet is it now o'er the
Which in my heart has been hid - den so long? Car - ry me back o'er the
When, O my boat, I shall bring her to thee. Thou, my com - pan - ion, that

mf

blue wa - ters glid - ing, Hes - pe - rus spark - ling to see in the sky,....
spray driv - ing bil - lows, Car - ry me back where my darl - ing doth stay, ...
bear - est me on - ward, On to the shore and the home that's so dear,..

And with our light oars the wave - lets to sun - der, While with rare per - fume the
Speed thee, my boat, with the full can - vas swell - ing, Mer - ri - ly speed o'er the
Nev - er with gold can the boat - man re - pay thee, On - ly with song and a
f
breez - es sweep by..... O - ver the bil - lows, my boat, swift - ly fly.
wa - ters a - way... Mer - ri - ly speed o'er the wa - ters a - way.
heart full of cheer, Thith - er, oh, thith - er. my boat swift - ly steer.

RING OUT, WITH VOICES CLEAR AND HIGH.


1. Ring out, with voic - es clear and high, The song we love so dear - ly, Our Fa - ther-land's old
2. The old he - ro - ic Fa - ther-land, The land we hon - or tru - ly, To thee, un-con-quered
3. In vir - tue like our sires we'd be, Like them guard well our banners, So dear to us is
4. Your mighty song the heavens shall span With force beyond all oth - er, And ev - ery free and
mel - o - dy, Till woods re - ech - o clear - ly— Till woods re - ech - o clear - ly!
na - tive land, We con - se - crate us new - ly— We con - se - crate us new - ly!
Li - ber - ty, And old - en, up - right man - ners— And old - en, up - right man - ners.
hon - est man Will hail you friend and broth - er— Will hail you friend and broth - er!

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

O Dream of Love.

Arr. from Auber's "Masaniello."

Allegro vivace.

1. O dream of love's young day, Wil - ing my cares a - way, O dream of love's young day,
2. O dream of love's young day, Bid - ding me hope al - way, O dream of love's young day,
Stay with me for - ev - er, No more to sev - er While life re - main - eth!
Bide with me for - ev - er, No more to sev - er While life re - main - eth!
Words can-not tell what hap - pi-ness my heart doth sway. O dream of love's young day,
Words can-not tell what hap - pi-ness my heart doth sway..... O dream of love's young day,
Wil - ing my cares a - way, With all my heart I say, Thou, thou art so dear.
Bid - ding me hope al - way, With all my heart I say, Thou, thou art so dear.

FORSAKEN!

KOSCHAT. Newly arr.

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I! Like a
2. A tree shades the hill - ock, where wild flow - ers creep, And....
stone by the way - side my shat - tered dreams lie;.... To the grave-yard I
there ne'er to wak - en, my be - lov - ed doth sleep; And there my heart
has - ten, so far, far a - way,.. And there low - ly kneel - ing, in de -
lin - gers, While sad - ly I sigh, And re-mem - ber with an - guish — for -
jec - tion I stay — And there low - ly kneel - ing, in de - jec - tion I stay.
sak - en am I! And re-mem - ber with an - guish — for - sak - en am I.

GER. tr. by W. W. C.

SLUMBER SONG.

Moderato. C. M. VON WEBER, arr.

p SOPRANO.

1. Son of rest, oh friend - ly slum - ber, Now de -
2. Cease, ye wild birds, cease your sing - ing, Let the

pp 1ST & 2ND ALTO.

3. Breathe your cool - ness, west winds, o'er him; Rose - leaves

pp BASS.

cres - - cen -

scend on hill and plain, And with gen - tle
calm un - brok - en be, Though he shuns the
for his rest - ing heap! Gent - ly, branch - es,

do. *f* *p* *un poco. rit.*

in - fluence strength-en Wea - ry na - ture once a - gain.
o - pen sun - light, Child of in - no - cence is he.
bend a - bove him, Safe the son of peace to keep.

GERMAN, tr.

THE GOOD COMRADE.

GERMAN.

Alla marcia.

1. I once had a broth - er sol - dier, A com - rade true and tried; We
2. So swift a ball comes speed - ing, Is it for me or thee? Low
3. No more we'll march, O com - rade, To bat - tle side by side; My
marched at sig - nal giv - en, With step so blithe and e - ven, To
at my feet he's ly - ing, And as I watch him dy - ing, He
hand shall clasp thee nev - er, Yet thou re - main - est ev - er My
bat - tle side by.... side— To bat - tle side be.... side.
seems a part of.... me— He seems a part of.... me.
com - rade true and... tried— My com - rade true and.. tried.

PRAISE OF TEARS.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr.

1. Breez - es blow - ing, O - dors flow - ing, All the
2. When the beam - ing Eyes are stream - ing, Run - ning
3. Not with shin - ing Rills, en - twin - ing Spells, Pro -
4. While the long - ing Tear - drops throng - ing, Flow the
charms of youth and spring, Sweet - est kiss - es, Yield - ing
o'er with sor - row's dew, Truth un - seal - ing, All re -
me - theus sought the spheres, But with weep - ing, Ev - er
rig - id world a - round, Mer - cy, stoop - ing, Aids the
bliss - es, Pleas - ure for a while may bring; Nec - tar
veal - ing, They re - flect the heaven's pure blue. How re -
steep - ing All our earth - ly lot in tears, Bit - ter
droop - ing, Al - ways with the humb - lest found, Then en -

treas - ures, Brim - ming meas - ures Play, with laugh and song their
viv - ing, When the striv - ing Soul to calm - ness is sub -
swell - ing, Sad - ly tell - ing Of their source in mor - tal
dur - ing, Thus en - sur - ing Sol - ace in our hearts of
part;.... But en - joy - ing Oft - en cloy - ing, Can it
dued,... As from show - ers Rise the flow - ers, So our
clay;..... Yet with bless - ing On - ward press - ing Us, o'er
woe,..... Though e - mo - tion Swell life's o - cean, Trust - ing
ev - er move the heart— Can it ev - er move the heart?
cour - age is re - newed— So our cour - age is re - newed.
seas of love to stray— Us, o'er seas of love to stray.
o'er its waves we go— Trust - ing o'er its waves we go.

A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

MAY IS HERE.

SOLO VOICES OR SEMI CHORUS. KARL ECKER.

mf *p* *f* TUTTI.

1. Sweet May is here! Sweet May is here! And nev - er fair-er did appear! Sweet May is here, Sweet
2. Sweet May is here! Sweet May is here! And nev - er fair-er did appear! Sweet May is here, Sweet
3. Sweet May is here! Sweet May is here! And nev - er fair-er did appear! Sweet May is here, Sweet
4. Sweet May is here! Sweet May is here! And nev - er fair-er did appear! Sweet May is here, Sweet

mf *f* *p*

May is here, And nev - er fair - er did ap - pear! Sweet May.. is here! No
May is here, And nev - er fair - er did ap - pear! Sweet May.. is here! No
May is here, And nev - er fair - er did ap - pear! Sweet May.. is here! No
May is here, And nev - er fair - er did ap - pear! Sweet May.. is here! How

p *f*

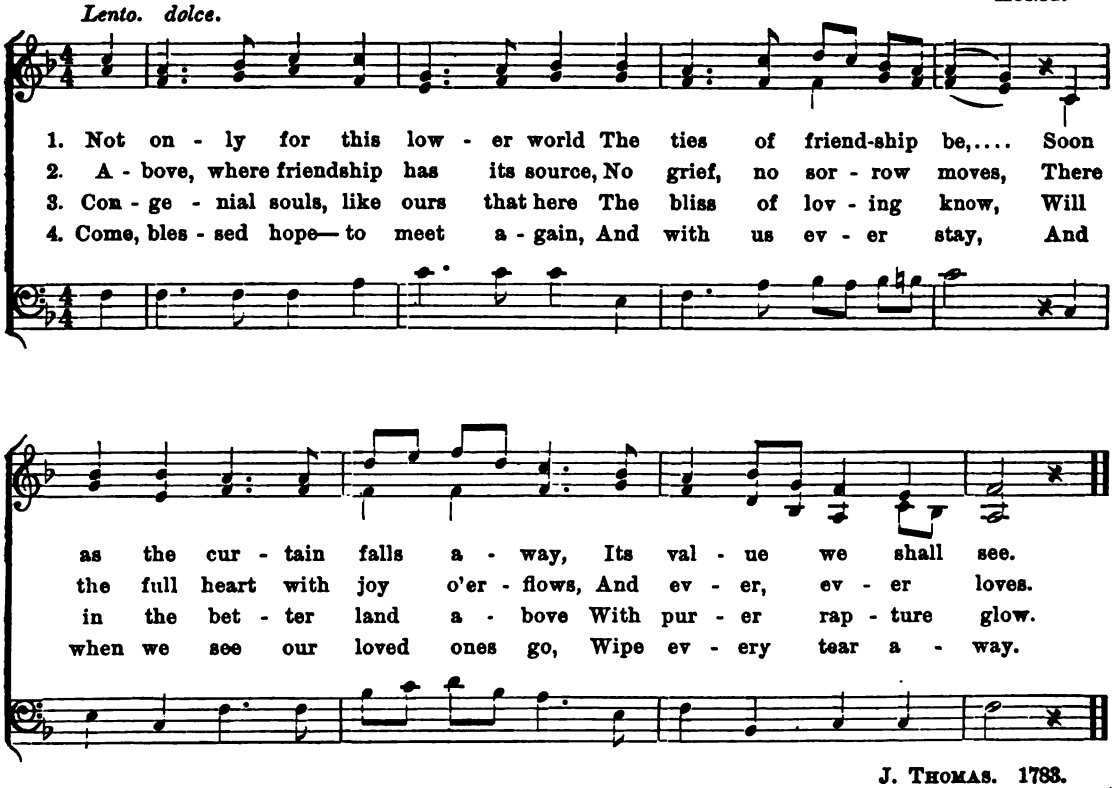
bough where blossoms are not seen, No field that does not don its green, No flower that does not
breeze that does not fragrance bring, No bird that does not light-ly swing, And sing thro' meadow,
cloud up - on the heav-en's blue, That gives it not a deep - er hue, No sunbeam, but with
fills my heart with mer - ry cheer, To find such beau - ty far and near, Such per - fect joy de -

mf
f
f rit.
in - cense raise, As if to say; "Give God the praise!" To say, "Give God the praise!"
wood and air: "Wel - come, God's world so wondrous fair!" "Wel - come so won-drous fair!"
gold - en ray New glo - ry add - eth to the day— New glo - ry to the day.
void of care, And such sweet mu - sic ev - ery-where— And mu - sic ev - ery - where.

F. OFER.

FRIENDSHIP.

KÖNIG.


Lento. dolce.
1. Not on - ly for this low - er world The ties of friend-ship be,.... Soon
2. A - bove, where friendship has its source, No grief, no sor - row moves, There
3. Con - ge - nial souls, like ours that here The bliss of lov - ing know, Will
4. Come, bles - sed hope— to meet a - gain, And with us ev - er stay, And
as the cur - tain falls a - way, Its val - ue we shall see.
the full heart with joy o'er - flows, And ev - er, ev - er loves.
in the bet - ter land a - bove With pur - er rap - ture glow.
when we see our loved ones go, Wipe ev - ery tear a - way.

J. THOMAS. 1783.

EVER SINGING.

FOLK-SONG.

1. How oft, when lov - ing and long - ing, A - mid the cool grass have I stood,
2. And oft when a - lone I've.. sor - rowed, In gloom - y and tim - o - rous mood,
3. And when some wrong I have suf - fered Un - will - ing up - on it to brood,
4. Then talk no long - er of.... trou - ble, That life is with sor - row im - bued;
And there would break in - to sing - ing— And there would break in - to
I.... then would break in - to sing - ing— I.... then would break in - to
At.. once I'd break in - to sing - ing— At once I'd.. break in - to
But.. quick - ly break in - to sing - ing— But quick - ly... break in - to
sing - ing, And all, and all.... would seem fair and good.
sing - ing, And all, and all.... would seem fair and good.
sing - ing, And all, and all.... would seem fair and..... good.
sing - ing, And all, and all.... will seem fair and..... good.

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO, 1781—1838.

FISHER'S SONG.

like our song, In our lit - tle fish - er boat, On the rest - less
greed - y gain, Calm - ly, cheer - ful - ly we ride, O - ver life's tem -
p
sea we float, Up and down, all day long, Life glides by us
pest - uous tide, — Far from care, far from gain, Far from thoughts of
p

cres.
rit e dim.
a tempo.
like our song, Up and down, all day long, Life glides
greed - y gain, Far from care, far from pain, Far from
cres.
rit e dim.
a tempo.
sempre.
rall.
D.C.
by us like a song.
thoughts of greed - y gain.
D.C.
sempre.
rall.
Ger. tr. by C. F. BROOKS.
dim e rall.

RED LEAVES.

Allegretto.

E. STIRLING.

1. Red leaves are fall - ing on the ground, The wind no more is still The
The wheat....

2. The fall of leaves a sad - ness flings O'er hearts how - ev - er gay, They,
They, like.....

wheat is gath - ered to the store, That waved on yon - der hill; Red
....

like the friend - ship oft - en nursed, On earth soon fade a - way; The
....

leaves are fall - ing to the ground, The wind no more is still, The

fall of leaves a sad - ness flings O'er hearts how - ev - er gay, They,

wheat is gath - ered to the store, That waved on yon - der hill; The

like the friend - ship oft - en nursed, On earth soon fade a - way; But

sum - mer birds have flown a - way, The sky is grey and pale, The
as the sun that sinks at eve, Ap - pears to gild the dew, So
mists are hang - ing round the moon, Most chil - ly is the vale. Red
shall we all, though fad - ed once, Live af - ter - wards a - new. Red
leaves are fall - ing on the ground, The wind no more is still— Red
leaves are fall - ing on the ground, The wind no more is still— Red
leaves are fall - ing on the ground, The wind no more is still.
leaves are fall - ing on the ground, The wind no more is still.
F. G. LEE.

THE HUNTER.

SOPRANO. *Allegro.* A. RUBINSTEIN.

1. Maid - ens fair.... in sum - - mer hours,.... In sweet
2. Now a laugh - ing maid..... is twin - ing That bright
3. Sud - den - ly..... they hear..... with ter - ror, Bay - ing

MEZZO-SOPRANO.

f

mead - ows seek.. for flow - ers, Man - y a beau - teous blos - som find - ing,
wreath 'mid tress - es shin - ing, Now be - neath the trees they're sit - ting,
hounds come quick - ly near - er, But ere they have time for hid - ing,

p

Now a gar - land fair they're wind - - - - - ing.
Now a gar - land fair they're wind - ing, fair they... are wind - ing.
Watch - - ing birds and shad - ows flit - - - - - ting.
Watch - ing birds and shad - ows flit - ting and shad - ows flit - ting
Swift - - ly comes a hun - ter rid - - - - - ing.
Swift - ly comes a hun - ter rid - ing, a hun - ter rid - ing.

f

Comes, a gal - lant steed..... be - strid - ing, Hun - ter
Hun - ter
f
bold,.. so swift - ly rid - ing; To the maid his love is giv - en,
bold, so swift - ly rid - ing; To the maid his love is giv - en,
p
And the dogs a - way are driv - - - - - en.
And the dogs a - way are driv - en— dogs a - way.... are driv - en.
f

FOLK-SONG.

In a Gondola.

Allegretto.
p
1. Slow - ly o'er the rip - pling tide.....
2. As we on - ward, on - ward go,.....
p
3. But the sol - emn mid - night hour.....
p
p
In our gon - do - la..... we glide, While a - bove the
Ah, what hap - pi - ness.... we know! All the dis - cord
Faint - ly tolls from dis - tant tower, Som - ber shad - ows

still... la - goon Bright - ly shines the cres - cent moon,
of .... the day By the sea - winds swept a - way,
'gin.... to creep slow - ly o'er the moan - ing deep,
Solo.
Sil - ver - ing with ma - gic ray.... Spire and dome up - on our way,...
Ev - ery wrong that frets the mind.. Ev - ery grievance left be - hind,..
And the gath - ering clouds will soon .. Veil from sight the cres - cent moon,
cres.
And the ti - ny waves that break..... Foam - ing - ly a - long our wake,
Per - fect rest for thee and me..... Love's un - brok - en har - mo - ny;
Ere is lost its cheer - ing ray,..... Home - ward now we take our way,

With no sound, a - far or near, But the song of gon - do - lier—
And no sound, a - far or near, But the song of gon - do - lier—
With no sound, a - far or near, But the song of gon - do - lier—
p
dim.
pp
But the song of gon - do-lier.
But the song of gon - do-lier.
dim.
pp
But the song of gon - do-lier.
dim.
ff
pp

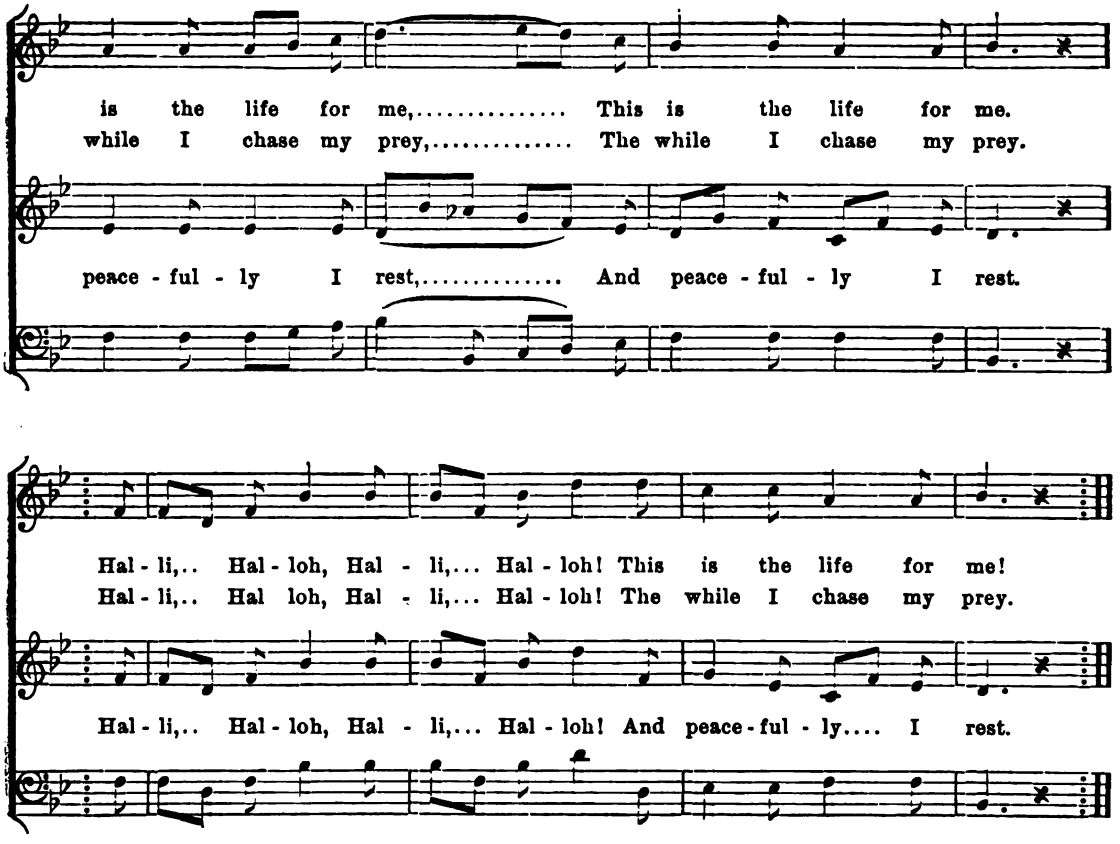
W. W. CALDWELL.

HUNTER'S SONG.

GERMAN.

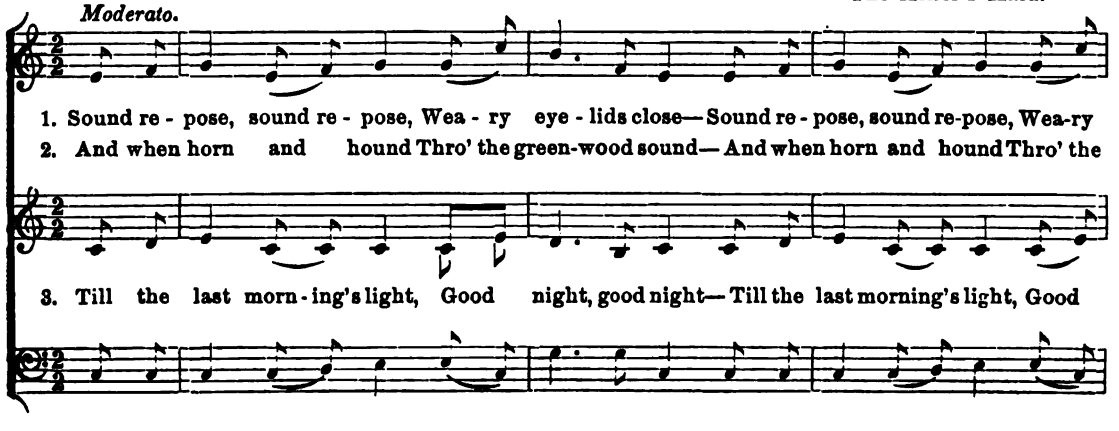
Vivace.

1. From sun - rise un - til gloam - ing, The wild wood through I'm roam - ing, A
2. Now thro' the for - est shad - ows, And now o'er sun - ny mead - ows, I
3. And when, 'mid cloud - lets ten - der, The sun in fi - ery splen - dor, Has
hun - ter bold and free—— A hun - ter bold and free..... The
wan - der all the day—— I wan - der all the day..... And
sunk in - to the west—— Has sunk in - to the west..... I
wa - ry game to fol - low Thro' copse and fer - ny hol - low, This
like one mo - ment's beat - ing, The hours are swift - ly fleet - ing, The
lay me down to slum - ber, With - out a eare or cum - ber, And


is the life for me,..... This is the life for me.
while I chase my prey,..... The while I chase my prey.
peace - ful - ly I rest,..... And peace - ful - ly I rest.
Hal - li,.. Hal - loh, Hal - li,... Hal - loh! This is the life for me!
Hal - li,.. Hal loh, Hal - li,... Hal - loh! The while I chase my prey.
Hal - li,.. Hal - loh, Hal - li,... Hal - loh! And peace - ful - ly.... I rest.

THE BROOK'S LULLABY.

Arr. from SCHUBERT'S "The Miller's Maid."


Moderato.
1. Sound re - pose, sound re - pose, Wea - ry eye - lids close—Sound re - pose, sound re-pose, Wea-ry
2. And when horn and hound Thro' the green-wood sound—And when horn and hound Thro' the
3. Till the last morn - ing's light, Good night, good night—Till the last morning's light, Good

eye - lids close. Poor tir - ed wan - d'rer, Thou art at.... home.—
green wood sound, I will wrap thee close round In my mur - mur - ing stream.
night, good night, Out - sleep all thy joy And out - sleep thy pain. The
True faith is here— True faith is.... here, Then rest with-out fear— True
Down on his sleep, Down on his sleep, Blue flow'rs do not peep.
full moon shines— The full moon shines, The mist de - clines— The
faith is.... here, Then rest with - out fear— Then rest with - out fear, Till the
Down on his sleep, Blue flow'rs do not peep— Blue flow'rs do not peep, You will
full moon shines, The mist de - clines— The mist de - clines, And the
brook is all swallowed In o - cean's foam— Till the brook is all swallowed In o - cean's foam.
make my poor slumb'rer Un - ea - si - ly dream— You will make my poor slumb'rer Un - ea - si - ly dream.
heav - ens a - bove Still so dis - tant re - main— And the heav - ens a - bove Still so dis - tant re - main.

WILHELM MÜLLER.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

Allegretto, con moto. VON FLOTOW, arr.

p
Gai - ly sounds the joy - ous ring - ing Of the vil - lage wed - ding bells,
Gai - ly sounds the joy - ous ring - ing Of the vil - lage wed - ding bells,
f
And the maid-ens, mer - ry sing - ing, Of the joy their sound foretells. Vil - la-gers in
And the maid-ens, mer - ry sing - ing, Of the joy their sound foretells. Vil - la-gers in
gay at - tire; Loud - ly cheer the youth-ful bride; Her sweet grac - es they ad - mire
gay at - tire; Loud - ly cheer the youth-ful bride; Her sweet grac - es they ad - mire,
p
All wish her a fu - ture bright! Gai - ly sounds the joy - ous ring - ing, Of the vil - lage
All wish her a fu - ture bright! Gai - ly sounds the joy - ous ring - ing, Of the vil - lage

ff
wed-ding bells, And the maid-ens, mer - ry sing - ing Of the joy their sound fore tells. The
wed-ding bells, And the maid-ens, mer - ry sing - ing Of the joy their sound fore-tells. The
lads, in all their Sun-day's best, Are danc - ing on the green, The fid - lers get no
lads, in all their Sun-day's best, Are danc - ing on the green, The fid - lers get no
mo - ment's rest, And naught but joy is seen— Come and lis - ten, Come and lis -
mo - ment's rest, And naught but joy is seen— Come and lis - ten, Come and lis -
ten to the joy - ous, To the mer - ry wed - ding bells.....
ten to the joy - ous, To the mer - ry wed - ding bells.....

SOFTLY NOW THE SHADOWS FALL.

Molto tranquillo. L. B. MARSHALL.

1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.

p

1. Soft - ly now the shad - ows fall, Twi - light
2. Light - ly in its gar - den bed, Hangs each
3. Deep - er now the dark - ness falls, Faint - er

ALTO.

gath - ers o - ver all, While a - bove yon
flower its nod - ding head, While up - on the
now the brook - let calls, And the winds a -

wood a - far Bright - ly shines the Eve - ning
Sum - mer air, Fra - grance hov - ers here and
cross the deep, With a gent - ler mur - mur

p

Star. All the noise of day is o'er,.....
there, Tell - ing where the vio - lets hide, ...
creep, Or in leaf - y cov - erts die,.....

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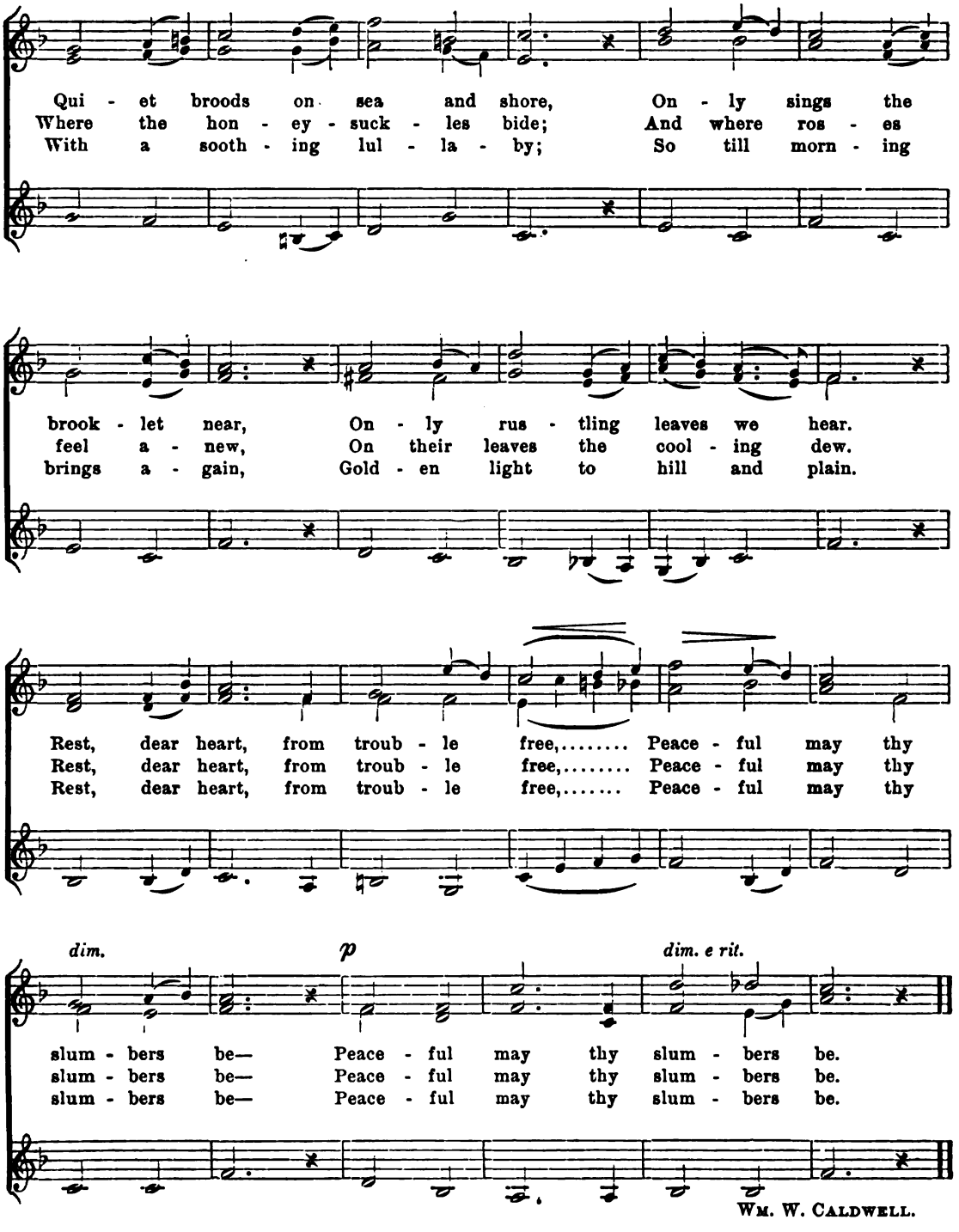
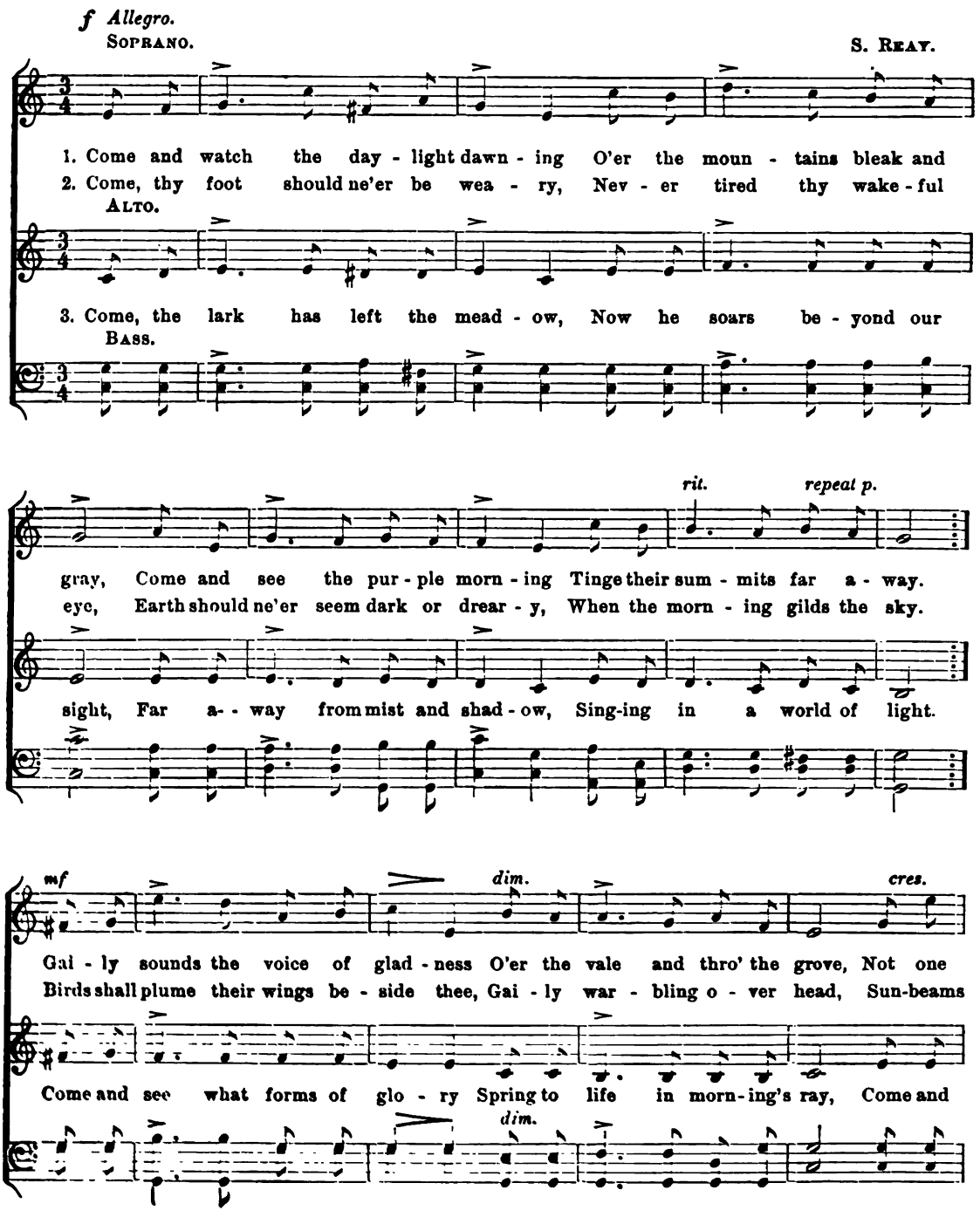

Qui - et broods on sea and shore, On - ly sings the
Where the hon - ey - suck - les bide; And where ros - es
With a sooth - ing lul - la - by; So till morn - ing
brook - let near, On - ly rus - tling leaves we hear.
feel a - new, On their leaves the cool - ing dew.
brings a - gain, Gold - en light to hill and plain.
Rest, dear heart, from troub - le free,..... Peace - ful may thy
Rest, dear heart, from troub - le free,..... Peace - ful may thy
Rest, dear heart, from troub - le free,..... Peace - ful may thy
dim.
p
dim. e rit.
slum - bers be— Peace - ful may thy slum - bers be.
slum - bers be— Peace - ful may thy slum - bers be.
slum - bers be— Peace - ful may thy slum - bers be.

WM. W. CALDWELL.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

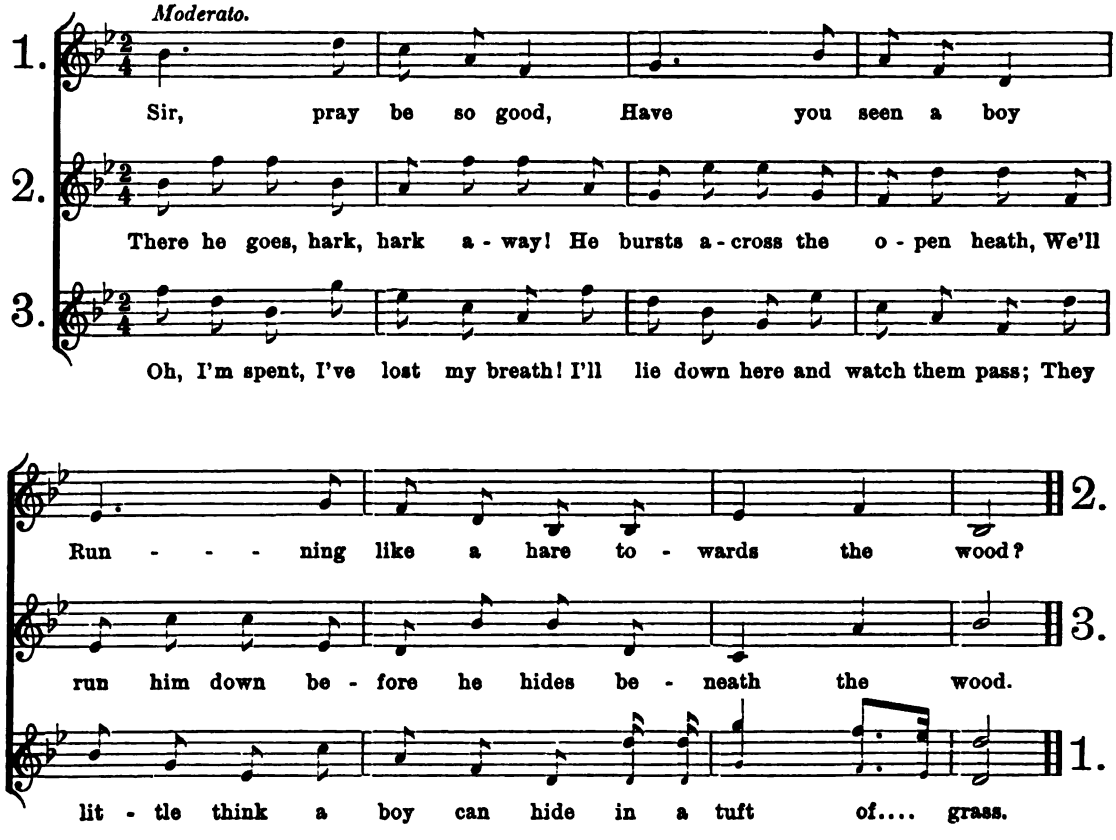

f Allegro.
SOPRANO.
S. REAY.
1. Come and watch the day - light dawn - ing O'er the moun - tains bleak and
2. Come, thy foot should ne'er be wea - ry, Nev - er tired thy wake - ful
ALTO.
3. Come, the lark has left the mead - ow, Now he soars be - yond our
BASS.
rit.
repeat p.
gray, Come and see the pur - ple morn - ing Tinge their sum - mits far a - way.
eye, Earth should ne'er seem dark or drear - y, When the morn - ing gilds the sky.
sight, Far a- - way from mist and shad - ow, Sing-ing in a world of light.
mf
dim.
cres.
Gai - ly sounds the voice of glad - ness O'er the vale and thro' the grove, Not one
Birds shall plume their wings be - side thee, Gai - ly war - bling o - ver head, Sun-beams
Come and see what forms of glo - ry Spring to life in morn - ing's ray, Come and
dim.

dim.
rall.
sin - gle note of sad - ness Tells of aught but peace and love.
though the green leaves guide thee, Where thy steps may safe - ly tread.
hear, the joy - ful sto - ry Na - ture tells at dawn of day.
Tra la..... la la, tra..... la la tra..... la la la tra la tra
pp
mf
Tra la la la la, tra la la la tra la la la tra la la tra
poco cres.
Tra la la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la, tra
Tra la tra la tra la tra la tra
la..... la la tra..... la la tra la..... la la, tra la.
ritard.
ff
f
ff
la la la la tra la la, tra la, tra la.
la la la la tra la la tra la tra la.
ff
la tra la, tra la, tra la.

HUNTING THE HARE.

ROUND. HENRY PURCELL. 1658—1695.

Moderato.


1.
Sir, pray be so good, Have you seen a boy
2.
There he goes, hark, hark a - way! He bursts a - cross the o - pen heath, We'll
3.
Oh, I'm spent, I've lost my breath! I'll lie down here and watch them pass; They
Run - - - ning like a hare to - wards the wood?
2.
run him down be - fore he hides be - neath the wood.
3.
lit - tle think a boy can hide in a tuft of.... grass.
1.

COME, MIRTH.

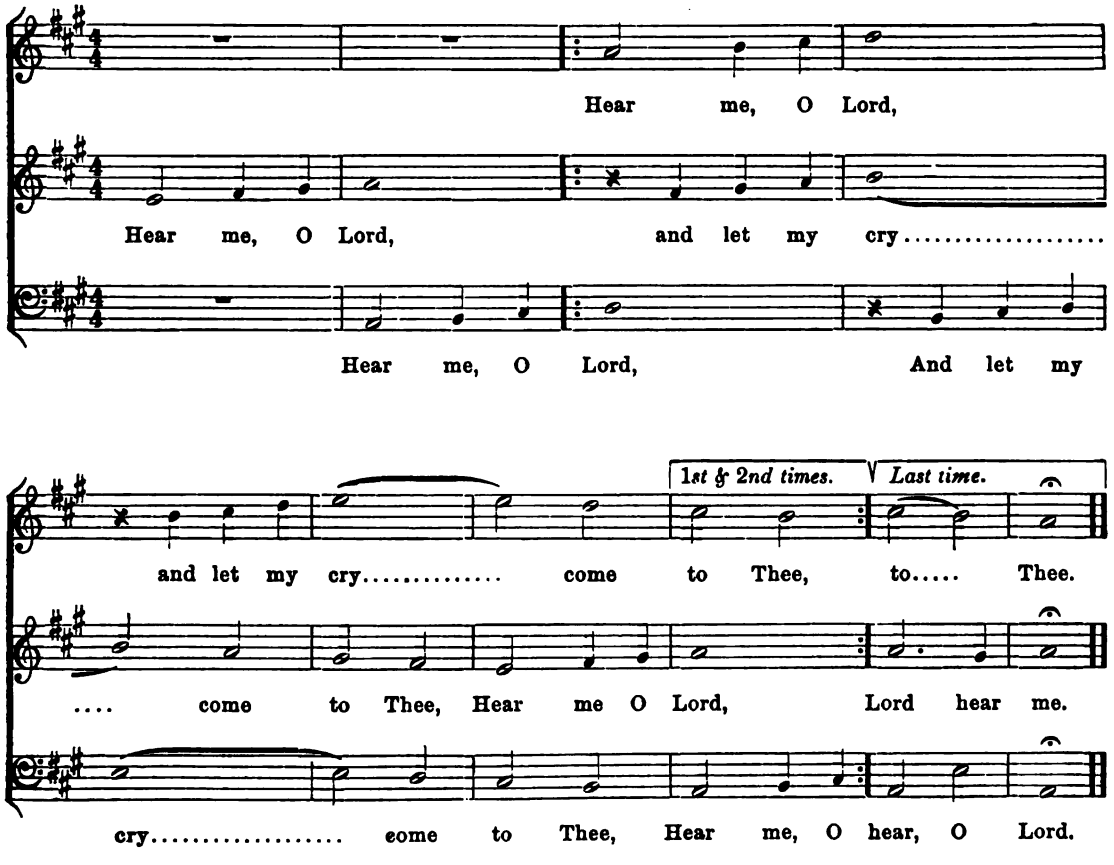
ROUND. STEPHEN PAXTON. ——1787.

1.
Come, Mirth, thou foe to sigh - ing, Bring all thy joc - und train, All thy
2.
Bring all thy blest com - pan - ions, Poor mor - tals' kind - est friends, Bring
3.
And lead with thee Con - tent - ment, Thy own twin sis - ter true, Each the

2.
bliss im - part to each sad, heav - y heart, And ban - ish care and pain.
3.
ro - sy Health, the tru - est wealth, That Tem - per - ance at - tends.
1.
hap - py child of a mind un - de - filed, That en - vy nev - er knew.

HEAR ME, O LORD.

CANON, Three in One.


Hear me, O Lord,
Hear me, O Lord, and let my cry.....
Hear me, O Lord, And let my
1st & 2nd times.
Last time.
and let my cry..... come to Thee, to..... Thee.
.... come to Thee, Hear me O Lord, Lord hear me.
cry..... come to Thee, Hear me, O hear, O Lord.

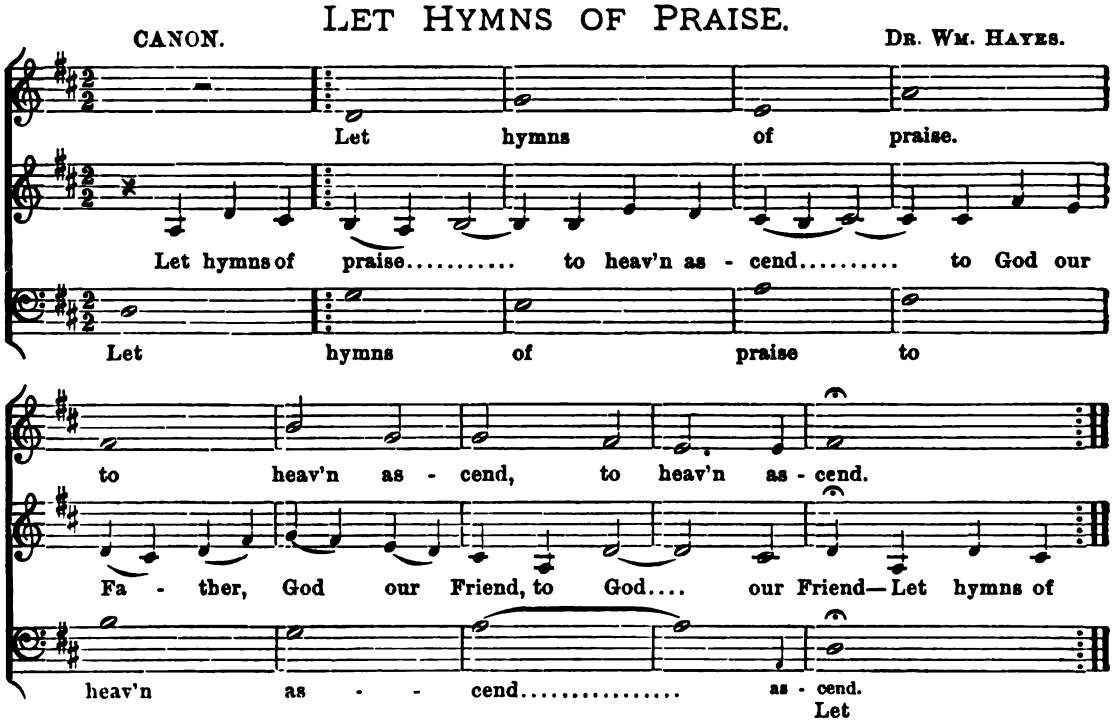
How great is the Pleasure.

ROUND. HENRY HARRINGTON, M. D.

1.
How great is the pleas - ure, how sweet the de -
2.
How great is... the.. pleas - ure, how.... sweet the.. de -
3.
Sweet, sweet, how sweet the de -
light, When soft love and mu - sic to - geth - er u - nite.
2.
light, When love, soft love, and mu - sic u - nite.
3.
light, When har - mo - ny, sweet har - mo - ny and love.. do u - nite.
1.

Let Hymns of Praise.

CANON. DR. WM. HAYES.


Let hymns of praise.
Let hymns of praise..... to heav'n as - cend..... to God our
Let hymns of praise to
to heav'n as - cend, to heav'n as - cend.
Fa - ther, God our Friend, to God.... our Friend—Let hymns of
heav'n as - - cend..... as - cend.
Let

WANDERER'S EVENING SONG.

SOPRANO. A. RUBINSTEIN.

Moderato.

MEZZO-SOPRANO.

Night her man - tle fling - ing, Hides the mountain peak;

Ped. * *p*

Wearied out with singing, Birds their nests must seek; Rustling leaf I hear not, All the forest through,

Night her man - tle

Some-where, wand'rer, fear not, There is rest for you.

p

fling - - - ing, Hides the mountains moun - - tain peak; Wea - ried out with
Night her man-tle fling - ing, Hides the mountain peak;
sing - - - ing, Birds..... their nests must seek, Rus - tling leaf I
cres.
Wearied out with sing-ing, Birds..... their nests must seek, Rustling
cres.
hear not All the for - est through, Some-where, wan-d'rer,
mf
leaf I hear not All the for - est through, Some-where, wan - d'rer
mf

fear..... not, There is rest for you,..... Some-where, wan-d'rer
p
fear... not, There is rest for you, Some-where, wan - d'rer
p
fear not, There is rest..... for you.
fear not, There is rest for you.
p
pp

FORTH TO THE BATTLE.

In March Time. WELSH MELODY.

1. Forth to the bat - tle! On - ward to the fight! Swift as an ea - gle in his flight;
2. Winds that float o'er us, Bid thy ty - rant quail, Ne'er shall his ruf - fian bands pre - vail,
§ Heav - en our arms with con - quest bless, All our bit - ter wrongs re - dress;
Let not the sun - light o'er our path-way close, Till we o'er-throw our Sax - on foes.
Morn - ing shall view us fet - ter-less and free; Slaves ne'er shall Cym-ry's chil-dren be.
Strike the... harp! A - wake the.. cry! Val - or's.. sons fear not to die.
FINE.
SOPRANO SOLO.
Strong as yon - - - der foam - - ing tide,.....
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,

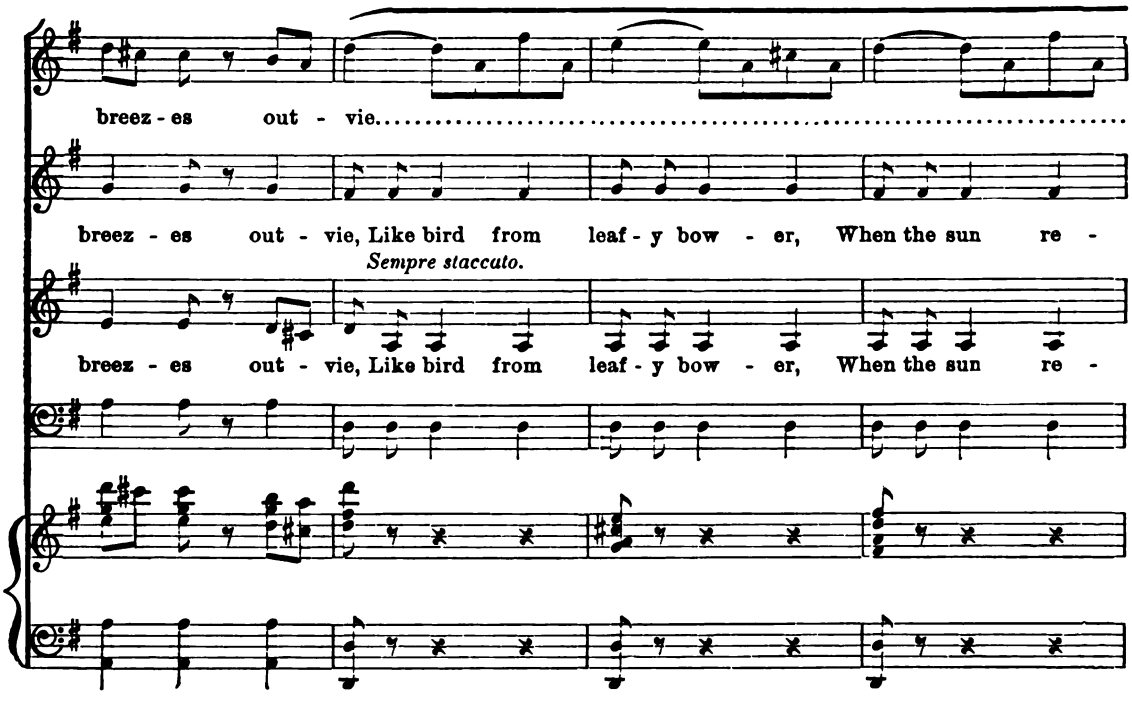
Rush - - ing down the moun - - - - tain side.....
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Be ye road - - y sword..... and spear,.....
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
D.C.
Pour up - on, Pour up - on the spoil - er near.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp.
D.C.

TYROLESE CHORUS, FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

ROSSINI, arr. by HATTON.

Allegretto.
p
Swift as the bird.... in sum-mer
p Sempre staccato.
Swift as bird from leaf-y bow - er, Flies to meet the
p
Swift as bird from leaf-y bow - er, Flies to meet the
f
p
sky..... with fai-ry feet.... oh maiden fly.....
golden show-er, That to meet her and to greet her The re-splen-dent sun out-pour-eth
golden show-er, That to meet her and to greet her The re-splen-dent sun out-pour-eth

Thy ra - diant glanc - es Our
When the morn - ing shines on high, Thy ra - diant glanc - es Our
When the morn - ing shines on high, Thy ra - diant glanc - es Our
8va
pleas - ure en - hanc - es, Thy joy - ous danc - es The
pleas - ure en - hanc - es, Thy joy - ous danc - es The
pleas - ure en - hanc - es, Thy joy - ous danc - es The


breez - es out - vie.....
breez - es out - vie, Like bird from leaf - y bow - er, When the sun re -
Sempre staccato.
breez - es out - vie, Like bird from leaf - y bow - er, When the sun re -

Swift as the
splendent shines on high. Swift as bird from
splendent shines on high. Swift as bird from

bird.... in summer sky..... With fai - ry
leaf - y bow - er Flies to meet the gold-en show - er, That to greet her
leaf - y bow - er Flies to meet the gold-en show - er, That to greet her
feet,.... oh, maiden, fly..... Swift as the
The re - splen - dent sun out-pour - eth, When the morn - ing shines on high—
The re - splen - dent sun out-pour - eth, When the morn - ing shines on high—

bird..... Oh maiden fly..... Swift as a
Swift as bird from leaf - y bow'r, Flies to meet the gold-en show'r,
Swift as bird from leaf - y bow'r, Flies to meet the gold-en show'r,
bird..... oh maiden fly,..... Thy
Swift as bird from leaf - y bow'r, Flies to meet the gold-en show'r Thy
Swift as bird from leaf - y bow'r, Flies to meet the gold-en show'r Thy

ra - diant glanc - es Our pleas - ure en - hanc - es, Thy
ra - diant glanc - es Our pleas - ure en - hanc - es, Thy
ra - diant glanc - es Our pleas - ure en - hanc - es, Thy
joy - ous danc - es The breez - es out - vie.
joy - ous danc - es The breez - es out - vie.
joy - ous danc - es The breez - es out - vie.

BEHOLD THE MORN.

Allegretto. SOLO. BARCAROLLE. From AUBER's "MASANIELLO."

1. Be - hold..... the morn in splen-dor wak - eth,
2. Our time will come; in si - lence bide we

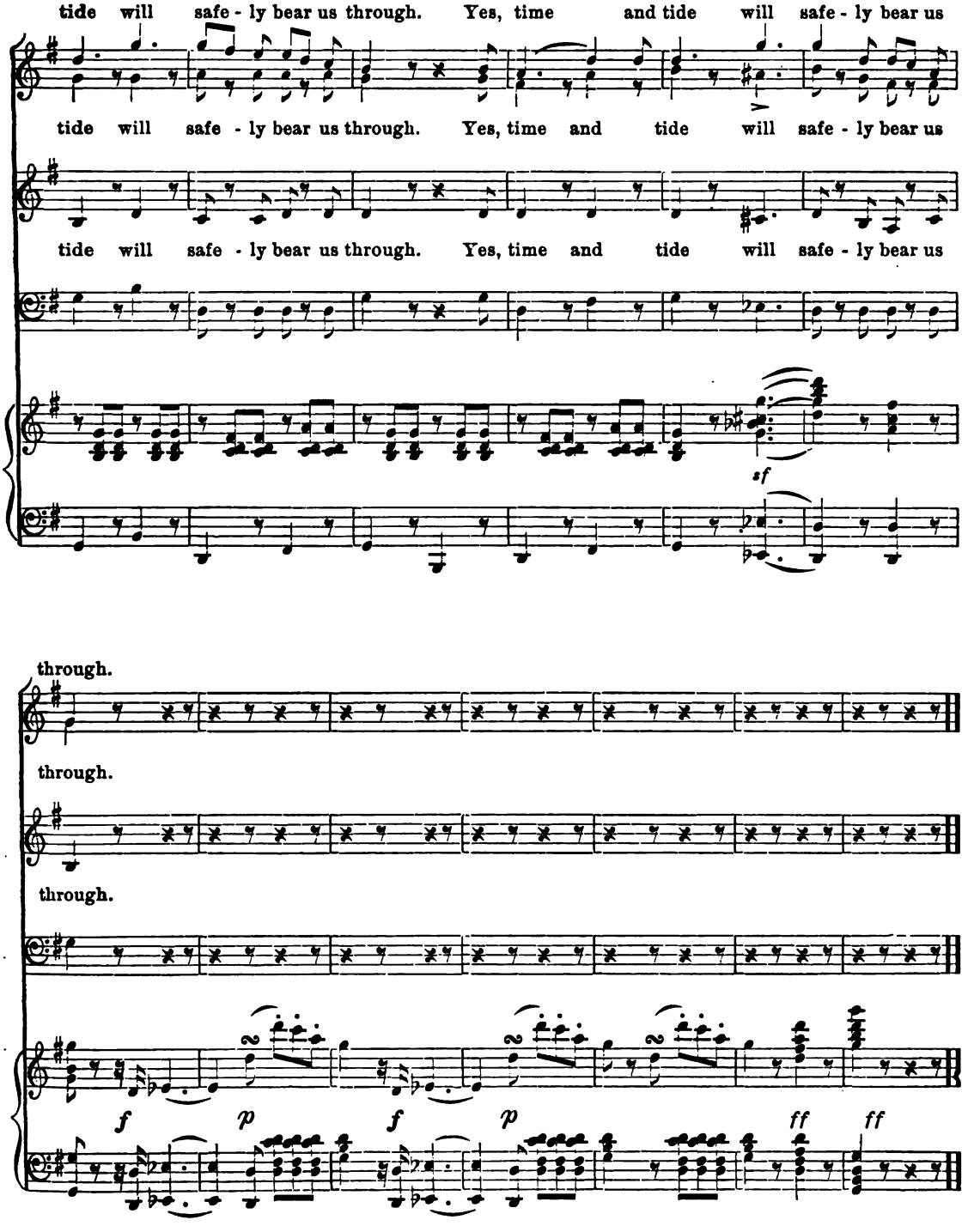
Pre - pare your boats,..... we'll soon set sail, If
..... Some day..... a dar - ing deed we'll do; Have a

storm - - - y cloud our way o'er-tak - - eth, Brave - ly stem.....
heart..... for what may be-tide ye, Craft a - lone.....

.... 'gainst the an - gry gale, Put off, our course we know full well, Be wa - - ry, speak
.... can the yoke un - do. Put off, our course we know full well, Be wa - - ry, speak

low, The fu - ture none could yet fore-tell, Be wa - - - - ry, speak
low, The fu - ture none could yet fore-tell, Be wa - - - - ry, speak
low,..... But time and tide will safe - ly bear us
low,..... But time and tide will safe - ly bear us
through..... But time..... and tide will safe - ly bear us
through..... But time..... and tide will safe - ly bear us
sf
through Be wa - - - - ry, speak low. Be wa - - ry, speak
through Be wa - - - - ry, speak low. Be wa - - ry, speak
pp
pp

CHORUS.
pp
p
low..... Put off, our course full well we know, Be wa - - ry, speak low; The
Put off, our course full well we know, Be wa - - ry, speak low; The
pp
p
But time and
fu - ture none could yet fore-tell, Be wa - - ry speak low. But time and
fu - ture none could yet fore-tell, Be wa - - ry speak low. But time and


tide will safe - ly bear us through. Yes, time and tide will safe - ly bear us
tide will safe - ly bear us through. Yes, time and tide will safe - ly bear us
tide will safe - ly bear us through. Yes, time and tide will safe - ly bear us
sf
through.
through.
through.
f
p
f
p
ff
ff

A SUMMER DAY.

JAMES J. McCABE.

Allegro.
mf
Deep down be - side the tan - gled sedge, be - side the tan - gled sedge be -
The mea - dow lark, mea - dow lark sings all day, The
side the tan - gled sedge, The mea - - dow lark sings all the day, The
meadow lark, meadow lark sings all day.
mea - dow lark sings all the day, And bursts at times from out the hedge, The
chat - ter, chat - ter, chat - ter, chat - ter, And
mim - ic chat, chat, chat, chat, chat-ter, chat-ter, chat, chat, chat-ter of the jay.
mim - - ic, mim - - ic, mim - ic,
here and there a wand'ring note.
A wand'r - ing note, A crick - et's chirp comes

f Where
sweet and clear, so sweet and clear, So sweet and clear, Where
f
dream - - - - y mists..... of sum - - mer float..... Up - on the grassy
dream - y mists of sum - mer float, Up - on the grass - y mere, Up - on the grassy
Where dreamy mists of sum - mer float, Up - on the grassy
rit - - e - - dim.
mere at noon, Up - on the grass - y mere at noon, Up - on the grass - y mere, up - on the
rit - - e - - dim.
Up -
Allegretto. mf
Fine.
grass - - - - y mere. A - far a - way be - low the hill, I
mf
on the grass - y mere.
see the nois - y mill wheel go, The smooth broad lake a -

ff
bove the mill, The flash of foam..... that
ff
And on the e - ven slopes that
rit.
p
a tempo.
p
roars be - low, And on, And on the
p
p
And on the
rise..... So gent - ly toward the moun - tain's brow..... .....
e - - ven slopes that rise..... ..... So gent - ly toward the
e - ven slopes that rise So gent - ly toward the moun - - -
.... The cat - tle watch with sleepy eyes.....
p
f
moun - tain's brow, The cat - tle watch..... The
p
f
- - tain's brow, The cat - tle watch with sleepy eyes, The
rit.
p
la - zy la - zy plow - boy at the plow.....
D.C.
p
plow - boy at the plow.

C. E. BROOKS.

PART II. *Occasional.*

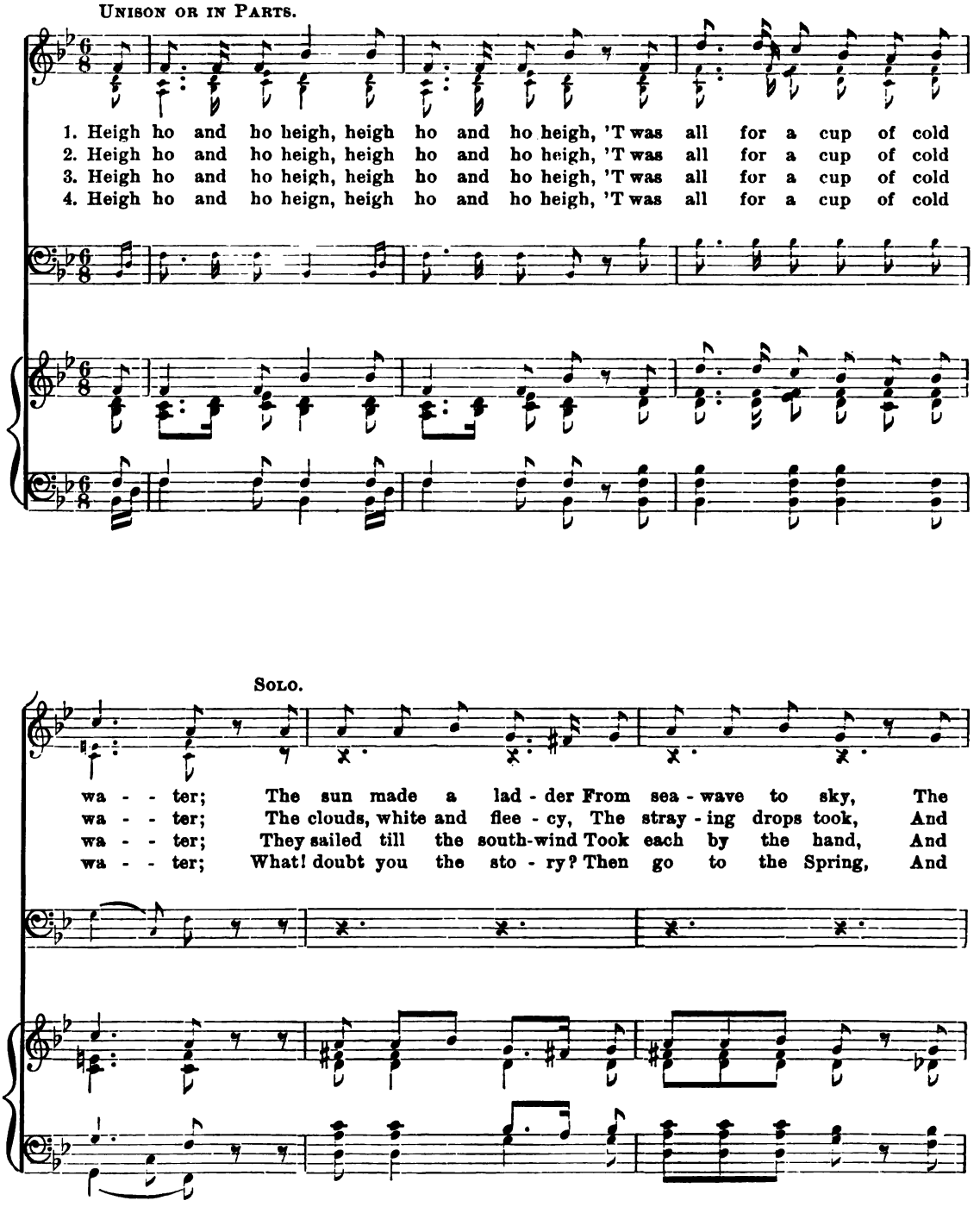
THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH.

MISS BROWNE, arr.

1. The break-ing waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast, The woods a-gainst a
2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true-heart-ed came; Not with the roll of
3. A-mid the storm they sang, The stars heard and the sea! The sound-ing isles of
4. What sought they thus a-far? Bright jew-els of the mine? The wealth of seas, the
storm-y sky Their gi-ant branches tossed; The heav-y night hung dark,
stir-ring drums, Or trump that sings of fame, Nor as the fly-ing come,
wood-land rang With an-thems of the free. The o-cean ea-gle soared
spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine! Ay, call it ho-ly ground,
The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of exiles moor'd their bark On wild New England's shore.
In silence and in fear, They shook the depths of des-ert gloom With hymns of lofty cheer.
O'er rolling wave's white foam, The rocking pines in for-est roar'd, To bid them welcome home.
The soil where first they trod, They left unstained what there they found, Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS, 1793—1835.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.


UNISON OR IN PARTS.
1. Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold
2. Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold
3. Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold
4. Heigh ho and ho heign, heigh ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold
SOLO.
wa - - ter; The sun made a lad - der From sea - wave to sky, The
wa - - ter; The clouds, white and flee - cy, The stray - ing drops took, And
wa - - ter; They sailed till the south-wind Took each by the hand, And
wa - - ter; What! doubt you the sto - ry? Then go to the Spring, And

lit - tle waves climb-ing Reached cloud-land on high, Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh
shel-tered the travellers In co - si - est nook, Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh
then, all a danc - ing Sped down to the land, Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh
list, while the wa - ters, This ver - y tale sing, Heigh ho and ho heigh, heigh
ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold wa - ter.
ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold wa - ter.
ho and ho heigh, 'T was all for a cup of cold wa - ter.
ho and ho heigh, There's naught like a cup of cold wa - ter.

JAMES GEDDES.

By permission of the Cong'l S. S. and Pub. Society.

COME LET US SING.

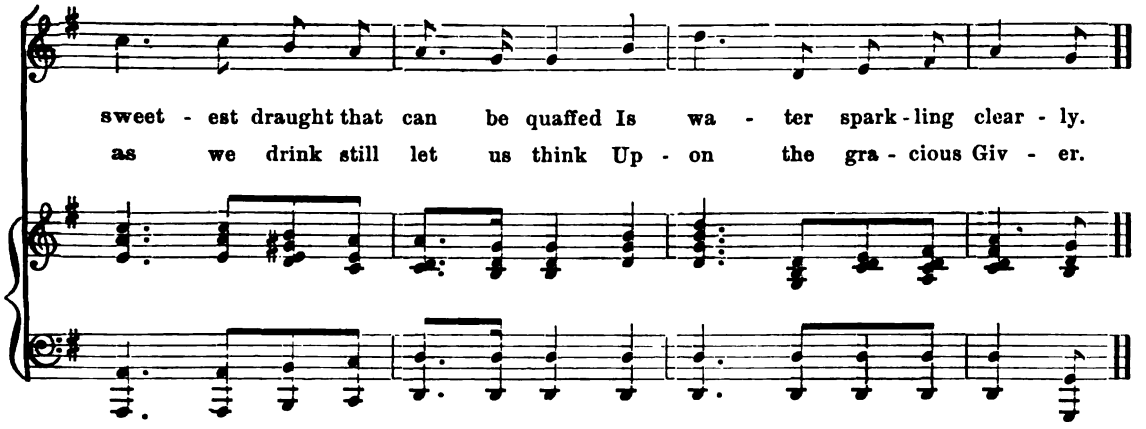
Allegretto.

UNISON. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Come let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook - let, stream and riv - er; And tune our praise to Him al - ways, The great and gra - cious Giv - er.
2. Down fall the showers to feed the flowers, And in the sum - mer, night - ly The blos-soms sip with ro - sy lip The dew - drops gleaming bright - ly.
3. Each lit - tle bird, whose song is heard Through grove and mead - ow ring - ing, At streamlet's brink will blithely drink, To tune its voice to sing - ing.
4. The sheep and kine in fal - low fields, The deer on moun - tains lone - ly, The neigh-ing steed in sor - est need, Will drink of wa - ter on - ly.
5. A - way all drink that man dis - tils, So fraught with sin and sad-ness; We'll drain the cup that brings no ills,— The draught of health and glad - ness.

TUTTI.

1 to 4.
What drink with wa - ter can compare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The
5.
Then wel - come wa - ter ev - ery-where, In foun - tain, well or riv - er, And



From "Pilgrim Songs," by per. of the Cong'l. S. S. and Pub. Soc. HULL'S CASKET.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces,... though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home— splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,....
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing

sky seems to hal - low us there! Which, seek... through the
gai - ly that came at my call; Give me them! and the
world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home, home,.. sweet, sweet,
peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,.. sweet, sweet,
home, There's no.... place like home,.. There's no.... place like home.
home, There's no.... place like home,.. There's no.. . place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

SONG FOR ARBOR DAY.

1. From for - est wide and free We bring this state - ly tree,
2. The les - son we will learn, That if suc - cess we'd earn
3. If read a - right you see A les - son there will be
Long may it wave! And as its top climbs higher, Let each its
On Life's broad field, We must look up and grow, No fal - tering
Of joy and love Learned from the grow - ing tree. Each day and
growth in - spire To do and nev - er tire: 'T will cour - age give.
pur - pose know, Then shall we plain - ly show. We'll nev - er yield.
might we'll be Near - er the height we see Far, far a - bove.

EMMA SHAW.

ARBOR DAY INVOCATION.

Allegretto.

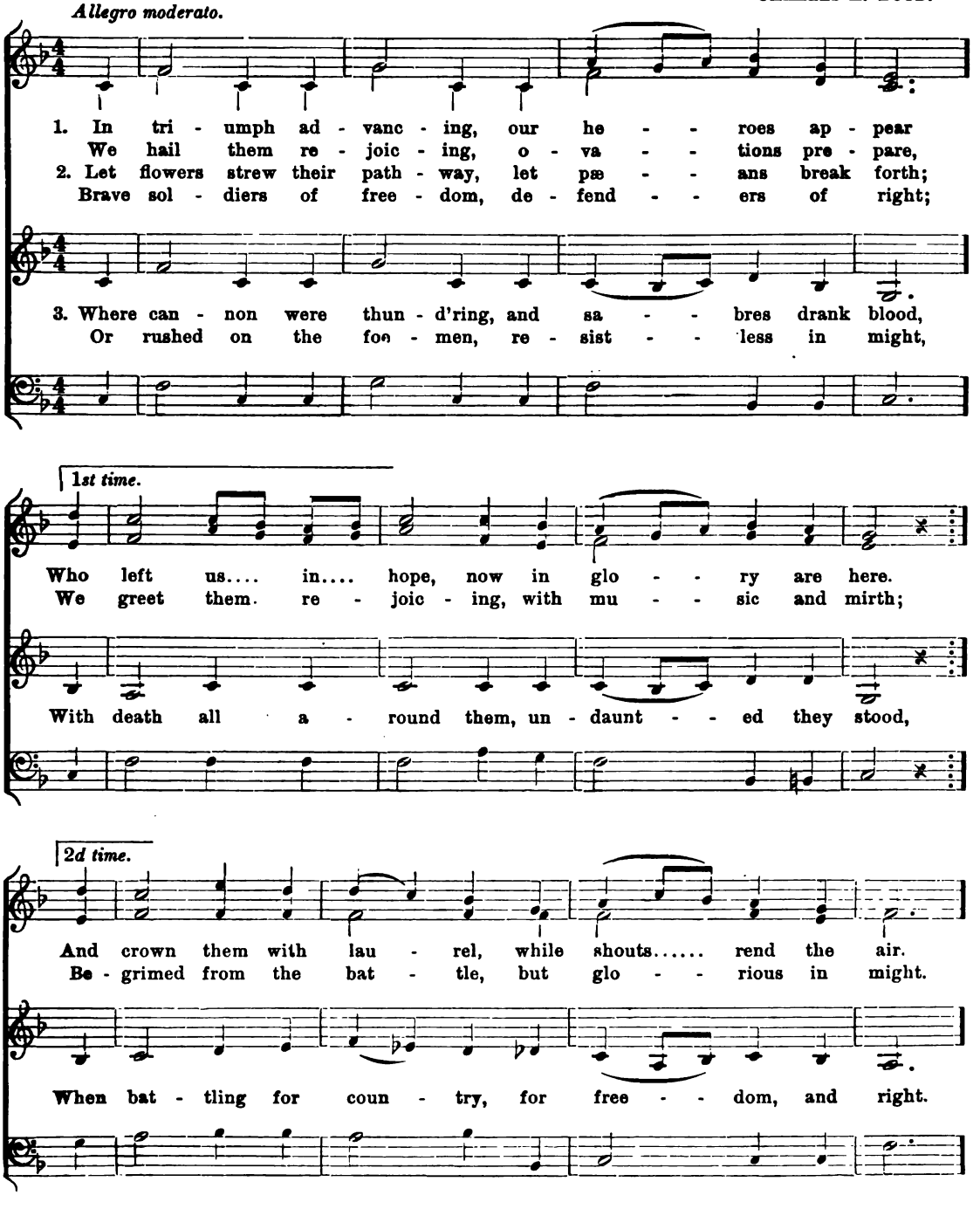
1. Like the glad birds of spring-time, Our prais - es we sing, To God the great
2. The ev - er glad cho - rus, The spring-time is here; The bird songs, with
3. God bless us, we pray Thee, A young stu - dent band; Ev - er help us in
giv - er Of eve - ry good thing; Till earth, with glad voic - es, Shall
flow - ers, And all her good cheer; While o - ver the land that We
truth And up - right - ness to stand; And bless Thou the la - bor Our
ech - o a - gain, From wood - land and mead - ow, From moun - tain and plain.
treas - ure so dear, We scat - ter God's bless - ings A - far and a - near.
hands do to - day, 'Mid the bird songs and flow - ers Of beau - ti - ful May.

EMMA L. THOMAS,
Schoharie, N. Y.

THE HEROES' GREETING.

CHARLES E. BOYD.

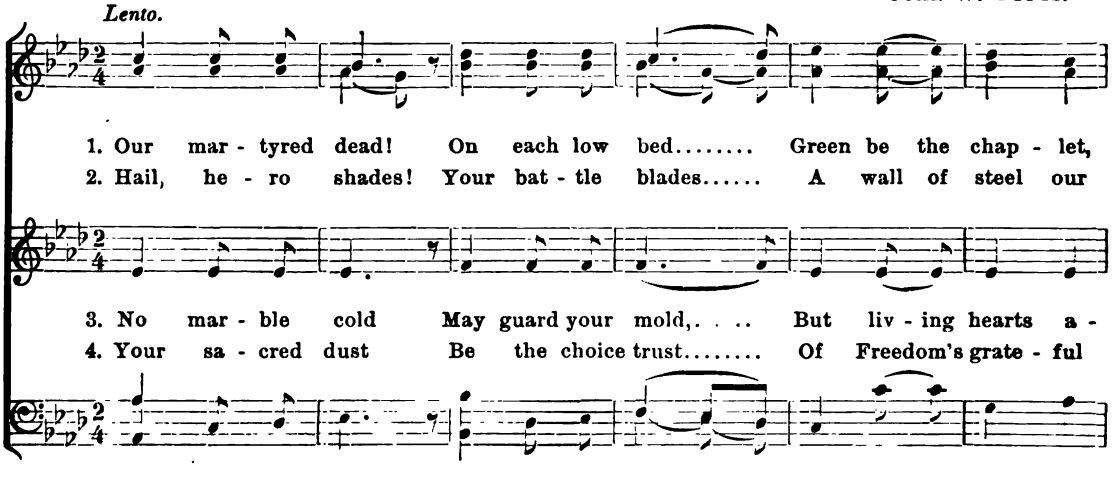
Allegro moderato.


1. In tri - umph ad - vanc - ing, our he - - roes ap - pear
We hail them re - joic - ing, o - va - - tions pre - pare,
2. Let flowers strew their path - way, let pæ - - ans break forth;
Brave sol - diers of free - dom, de - fend - - ers of right;
3. Where can - non were thun - d'ring, and sa - - bres drank blood,
Or rushed on the foe - men, re - sist - - less in might,
1st time.
Who left us.... in.... hope, now in glo - - ry are here.
We greet them. re - joic - ing, with mu - - sic and mirth;
With death all a - round them, un - daunt - - ed they stood,
2d time.
And crown them with lau - rel, while shouts..... rend the air.
Be - grimed from the bat - tle, but glo - - rious in might.
When bat - tling for coun - try, for free - - dom, and right.

Chorus, 1, 2, 3.
In tri - umph ad - vanc - ing, our he - roes ap - pear, Then
our he - roes ap - pear, Then
greet them tri - um - phant with cheer..... up - on cheer.
greet them tri - um - phant with cheer..... up - on cheer.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN W. TUFTS.


Lento.
1. Our mar - tyred dead! On each low bed..... Green be the chap - let,
2. Hail, he - ro shades! Your bat - tle blades..... A wall of steel our
3. No mar - ble cold May guard your mold,..... But liv - ing hearts a -
4. Your sa - cred dust Be the choice trust..... Of Freedom's grate - ful

fresh the ros - es; Our mar - tyred dead! On each low bed.....
homes sur - round - ed; Hail, he - ro shades! Your bat - tle blades A
round are swell - ing; No mar - ble cold May mark your mold, But
sons and daugh - ters; Your sa - cred dust Be the choice trust Of
Green be the chap - let, fresh the ros - es; Oh, light - ly rest.....
wall of.... steel our homes sur - round - ed; Your deeds have won.....
liv - ing.. hearts a - round are swell - ing; Each dar - ing deed.....
Free - dom's grate - ful sons and daugh - ters; While fu - ture days.....
On.. each calm breast The turf where each in peace re - pos - es.
From sire to son..... Love, joy and grat - i - tude un - bound - ed.
Shall gain the meed.... Of praise from all hearts rich - ly well - ing.
Your fame shall raise From At - lan - tic's.. to Pa - cif - ic's wa - ters.

MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Allegro moderato.
PRELUDE. p cres.
f
f
1ST & 2ND SOPRANO.
cres.
1. Com - mence - ment Day, thy pres - ence gay, Long - yearned with fer - vent
ALTO.
2. Fair Na - ture's rich - est mu - sic fills The air with sweet - est
1ST & 2ND BASS
cres.

hopes, We greet with choic - est flow'rs of May, And hail ' the life that
strains, And red - o - lence from count - less blooms The gen - tle breeze con-
opes. In pris - on bud the rose long sleeps, Ere blushing flow'r is blown; The
tains; So with the life we now be - gin, We would with mu - sic swell, And

ti - ny shoot slow up - ward creeps, Ere fruits are on it grown; We,
ev - er in our hearts and minds, Past mem - o - ries shall dwell. The

cres.
sub - jects of fair Na - ture's rule, Have too our si - lent age; To -
flow'r-strown path to bright suc - cess We 'll strive to well pur - sue; As

day we leave the halls of school, Life's du - ties to en - gage; To -
on - ward through this life we press, Fair day, we wel - come you; As
day we leave the halls of school, Life's du - ties to en - gage.
on - ward through this life we press, Fair day, we wel - come you.
EDWARD SPENCER.
Ped.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
f

National and Patriotic.

PART III.

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

Moderato.

HENRY CAREY. (?)

1. My coun - try!
2. My na - tive
3. Let mu - sic
4. Our fa - ther's
'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble free— Thy name I love;
swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free - dom's song;
God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing;

Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!
I love thy rocks and rills; Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break,— The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Rev. S. F. SMITH, D. D. 1832.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

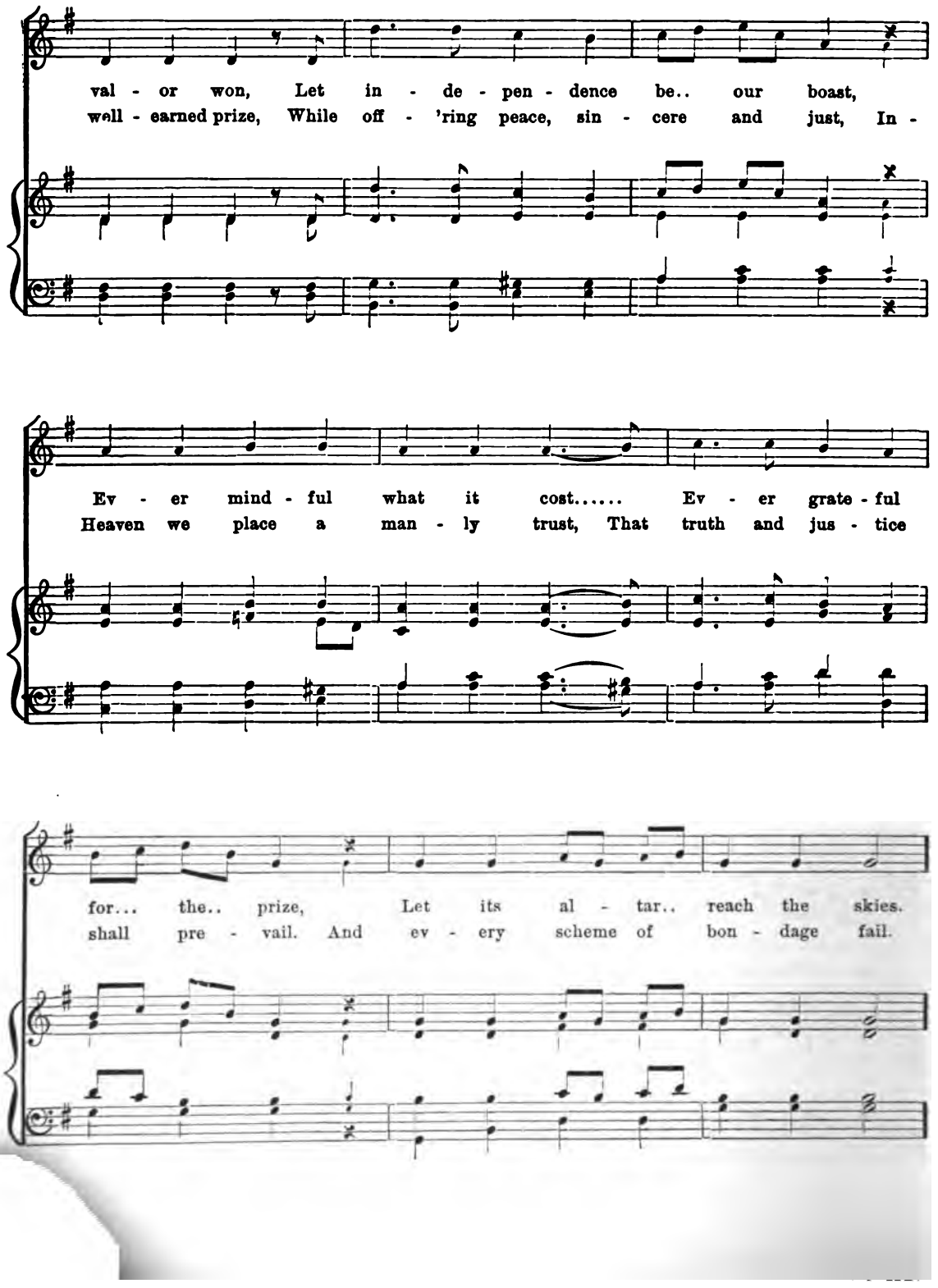
JOHN W. TUFTS.

IN UNISON OR IN PARTS.
Maestoso.
dim.
1. When Freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the a - zuré
2. Flag of the free heart's hope and home, By an - gel hands to val - or given, Thy stars have lit the
3. Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soil be -
p p cres. f f cres. molto e rit. sf
robe of night, And set the stars of glo - ry there— And set the stars of glo - ry there!
wel - kin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven— And all thy hues were born in heav - en.
neath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us— And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Solo.
1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes,
1. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de -
heaven-born band! Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in
fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with
Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your
im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the


val - or won, Let in - de - pen - dence be.. our boast,
well - earned prize, While off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In -
Ev - er mind - ful what it cost..... Ev - er grate - ful
Heaven we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice
for... the.. prize, Let its al - tar.. reach the skies.
shall pre - vail. And ev - ery scheme of bon - dage fail.

CHORUS, 1, 2.

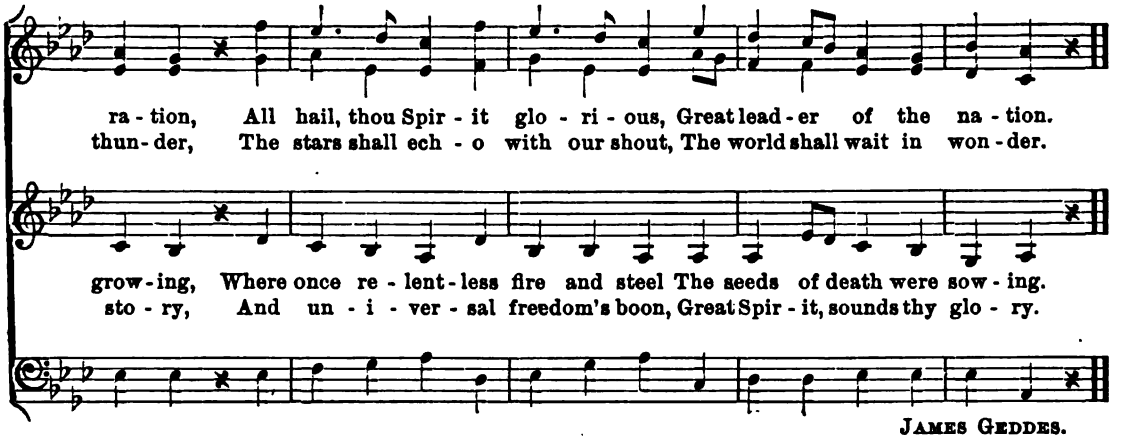
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1798

O Spirit of the Nation, come.

Allegro moderato.

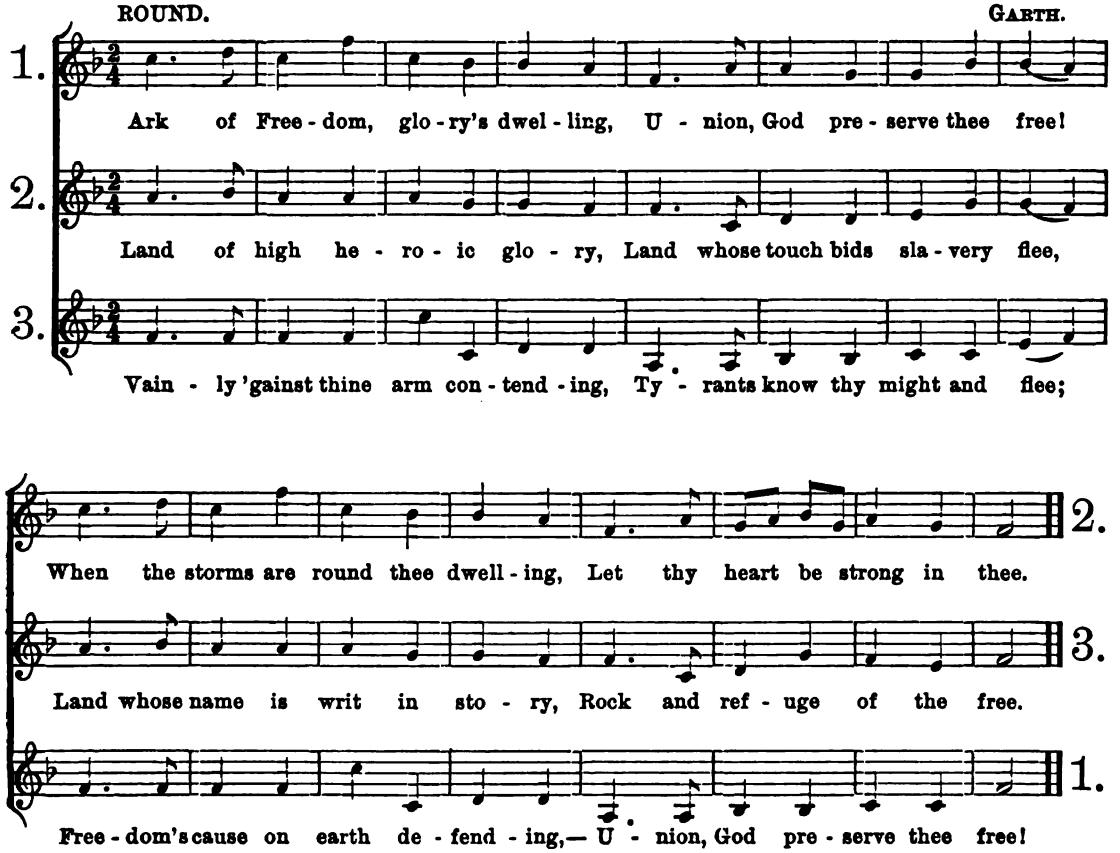
1. O Spir - it of the Na - tion, come, And with thy beau - ty
2. When, fierce the temp - est of thy wrath Thou hurl - est war's de -
3. O Spir - it dread - ful in thine ire, But to thy chil - dren
4. O Spir - it of the Na - tion, come, With no - bler pur - pose
thrill us, With power to do thy just com - mands, Thy might - y pur - pose
fi - ance, We'll gath - er 'neath thy stand - ard free, In stern and grim al -
ten - der, We love thee with un - dy - ing love, Dear moth - er, brave de -
fire us, With broad - er love for those oppressed, Wher - e'er they be, in -
fill us: Lo, here thy sons and daugh - ters stand In loy - al ad - o -
li - ance: The ty - rants of the earth shall quake, To hear our war - cry
fend - er; We thank thee for the bu - sy mart, The peace - ful har - vest
spire us: We'll chant the praise of free - dom's home Till all shall know the


ra - tion, All hail, thou Spir - it glo - ri - ous, Great lead - er of the na - tion.
thun - der, The stars shall ech - o with our shout, The world shall wait in won - der.
grow - ing, Where once re - lent - less fire and steel The seeds of death were sow - ing.
sto - ry, And un - i - ver - sal freedom's boon, Great Spir - it, sounds thy glo - ry.

JAMES GEDDES.

ARK OF FREEDOM.

ROUND. GARTH.


1.
Ark of Free - dom, glo - ry's dwel - ling, U - nion, God pre - serve thee free!
2.
Land of high he - ro - ic glo - ry, Land whose touch bids sla - very flee,
3.
Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty - rants know thy might and flee;
When the storms are round thee dwell - ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee. 2.
Land whose name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free. 3.
Free - dom's cause on earth de - fend - ing,— U - nion, God pre - serve thee free! 1.

CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

NATIONAL AIR OF SWEDEN.
DU PUY.

1. Charles John, our brave King Is home - ward re - turn - ing; Each
2. Ha! when our brave King In bat - tle is lead - ing; To
3. All hail, O dear King! Thou rais - est thy na - tion, From
4. Long live our brave King, That free from op - pres - sion, In
heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
fame we are speed - ing! His prais - es we'll sing. In peace he is
all trib - u - la - tion, And plen - ty dost bring. Our cares thou dost
free - dom's pos - ses - sion, To him we may sing. 'Mongst Kings thou art
tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
glo - rious, In war he's vic - to - rious, Charles John, our brave King!
light - en, Our homes thou dost bright - en, All hail, O dear King!
peer - less, Of he - roes most fear - less, Long live our brave King!

GOD THE ALL-TERRIBLE.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL AIR.
ALEXIS LVOFF, 1799—1880.

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble King, who or - dain - est Great winds Thy
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of
3. God the All - righ - teous One! man hath de - fied Thee; Yet to e -
4. God the All - wise! by the fire of Thy chas - tening Earth shall te
clar - ions, the light - nings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on
bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word; False - hood and wrong shall not
free - dom and truth be re - stored; Through the thick dark - ness Thy
high.. where Thou reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O.... Lord!
king - dom is has - tening; Thou wilt give peace in our time, O.... Lord!

HENRY FOTHERGIL CHORLEY, 1808—1872.

LEWIE GORDON.

Allegretto. SCOTCH SONG.

p

1. Oh, send Lew - ie Gor - don hame, And the Lad I daur - na name,
2. Oh, to see his Tar - tan trews, Bon - net blue, and laigh - heel'd shoes,
3. Prince - ly youth of whom I sing, Thou wert born to be a king;
4. Oh, to see this wished for one Seat - ed on a king - ly throne!

f *p*

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'! O - hon! my Highland - man!
Phil - a - beg a - boon his knee, That's the lad that I'll gang wi'! O - hon! my Highland - man!

On thy breast a re - gal star Shines on loy - al hearts a - far! O - hon! my Highland - man!
All our griefs would dis - ap - pear, We should hail a joy - ful year! O - hon! my Highland - man!

un poco rit. *f* *a tempo.* *ff* *rall.*

Oh, my bon-nie Highlandman, Weel wad I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highlandmen!

Oh, my bon-nie Highlandman, Weel wad I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highlandmen!

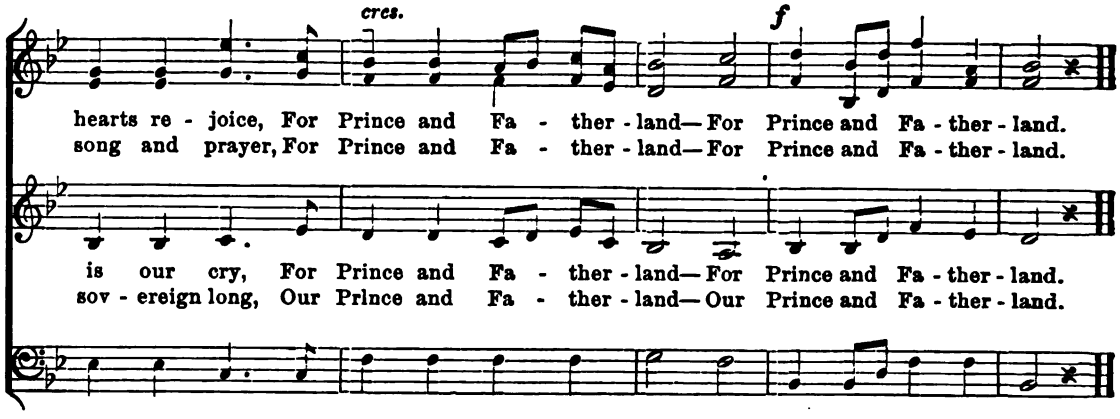
Rev. ALEXANDER GEDDES, D. D.

LET HIM IN WHOM OLD DUTCH BLOOD FLOWS.

NATIONAL AIR OF HOLLAND.

Maestoso.

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un - taint - ed, free and strong; Whose
2. We broth - ers true un - to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A -
3. Pre - serve, O God, the dear old ground, Thou to our fa - thers gave; The
4. Loud ring through all re - joic - ings here, Our prayer, O Lord, to Thee! Pre -
heart for Prince and coun - try glows, Now join us in our song; Let
way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for - get! A
land where we a cra - dle found, And where we'll find a grave! We
serve our Prince, his House, so dear To Hol - land, great and free! From
p
him with us lift up his voice, And sing in pa - triot band The song at which all
hu - man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We turn him from our hand, Who cal - lous hears the
call, O Lord, to Thee on high, As near death's door we stand, Oh, safe - ty, bless - ing,
youth thro' life, be this our song, Till near to death we stand; O God, pre - serve our


cres.
f
hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther - land— For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
song and prayer, For Prince and Fa - ther - land— For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
is our cry, For Prince and Fa - ther - land— For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
sov - ereign long, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land— Our Prince and Fa - ther - land.

THE WATCH BY THE RHINE.

CARL WILHELM, 1854.

Con spirito.
1. A cry is heard like thun - der sound, The clash of swords, the waves rebound; On
2. A my - riad voic - es join the cry, A my - riad glanc - es flash re - ply, Each
3. To heaven his ea - ger glanc - es fly. Whence He - roes gaze ap - pro - ving-ly, And
4. "While in my veins the blood-drops flow, While sword of mine can strike the foe, Or
5. The oath re-sounds, the stream runs by, The ban - ners flut - ter out on high, On
to the Rhine, our riv - er free! Who will its brave de - fend - ers be?
Ger - man, hon - est, true and bold, The sa - cred boun - da - ry will hold!
swears with haugh - ty pride, the Rhine Shall Ger - man be while life is mine!
ri - fle sure is in my hand, No en - e - my shall walk thy strand!"
to the Rhine, our riv - er free! We all will its de - fend - ers be!

CHORUS, 1, to 5.

Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine!
Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine!
Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine,
Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine,
Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine!
Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine!

MAX SCHENKENBERGER, 1839.

SWITZERLAND.

IGNAZ HEIM.

1. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, It is not large, it
2. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, That aye with love and
3. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, Where myr - iad lakes and
4. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, That firm - ly holds me
is not small, Its sure de - fence is God's own hand, Whose bless - ing ev - er
pleas - ure glows, Up - on whose mountain sum - mits grand The ten - der Al - pine
stream-lets flow, White gleam the Alps on ev - ery hand, Be - decked with their e -
night and day. And com - passed by the same dear band, Glad youths and maid - ens
there doth fall! And ev - er there from year to year Doth
Rose - let blows! And there the ea - gle fear - less sweeps, And
ter - nal snow! And hid be - neath are dwell - ings seen, O'er -
sing al - way, While hill and val - ley ech - o well The

Lib - er - ty at home ap - pear. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,
thun - der - ing the ava - lanche leaps. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,
spread with shin - gles moss - y green. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,
song of Win - kel - ried and Tell. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there
would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.
would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.
would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.
would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.

FR. KONRAD MUELLER.

TO FATHERLAND.

SEMI-CHORUS. HEIM.

Allegro moderato.

mf
f
1. Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - land, Rest in God's own hand!
2. Ev - er free, Ev - er free, God make thee to be!
3. Law and trust, Law and trust All things will ad - just!
When - so - e'er thy name we ut - ter, All the heart with joy doth glow,
In a land of free - dom on - ly Canst thou tru - est glad - ness know,
Where just law the rul - er guid - eth, Peace - ful then will all re - main,
p
When thy worth dis - cern we ful - ly, Then our hap - pi - ness we know!
On - ly when on God re - ly - ing, He His bless - ing will be - stow.
Where faith in the soul pre - sid - eth, Bless - ings fol - low in its train.

mf
rit.
God will heed All thy need, Rest thee in His hand!
God is near, Nev - er fear, Rest thee in His hand!
Hon - est free, God with thee, Leave all in His hand!
SOLI. a tempo.
p
f
Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - land, He thy guard will stand.
Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - land, He thy guard will stand.
Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - tand, He thy guard will stand.
TUTTI.
f
cres.
ff
Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - land, He thy guard will stand.
Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - land, He thy guard will stand.
Fa - ther - land, Fa - ther - land, He thy guard will stand.
KRÜFT.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

IRISH MELODY.

p
1. 'Tis the last rose of... summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine..... on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So... soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing
pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No
sleep-ing Go, sleep... thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems..... drop a - way! When true hearts lie with - ered, And
rit. e dim.
pp
rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give.... sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond... ones are flown, Oh,.... who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

THOMAS MOORE, 1784—1852.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.

TUNE—"HILL OF LOCHIEL."

Andante.

1. Bird of the wil - der - ness, Blithe - some and cum - ber - less, Sweet be thy
2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down - y cloud, Love gives it
3. O'er fell and foun - tain sheen, O'er moor and moun - tain green, O'er the red
4. Then when the gloam - in' comes Low in the heath - er blooms, Sweet will thy
mat - in o'er moor - land and lea! Em - blem of hap - pi - ness,
en - er - gy, Love gave it birth! Where on thy dew - y wing,
stream - er that her - alds the day; O - ver the cloud - let dim,
wel - come and bed of love be. Bird of the wil - der - ness,
Blest be thy dwell - ing place; Oh, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
Where art thou jour - ney - ing? Thy lay's in heav - en, Thy love is on earth.
O - ver the rain - bow's rim Mu - si - cal cher - ub, hie, hie thee a - way.
Blest is thy dwell - ing place; Oh, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

AFTON WATER.

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, I'll
2. Thou stock - dove whose ech - o re-sounds through the glen, Ye wild whis - tling
3. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the
4. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
black-birds in yon flow - ery den; Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy
cours - es of clear wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as
wood-land the prim - ros - es blow; There oft, as mild e - ven - ing
mur - mur - ing stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
creeps o'er the lea, The sweet scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.

ROBERT BURNS. 1786.

WHEN THE SNOW-WREATHS MELT.

TYROLESE SONG.

Con anima.

1. When the snow - wreaths melt from the Alps a - way, And in
2. When the sun a - ris - eth so fair to see, When the
3. In the mead - ows the young lambs gai - ly spring, And with
4. Yet the maid re - turn - eth at the close of day, And the
spring - time the earth grows green and gay, When the cow - horn ech - oes and the
birds are sing - ing loud in ev - ery tree, When the cuck - oo no re - spite from
sweet - est voic - es shepherd maid - ens sing, Then me - thinks that here I must for -
cham - ois los - eth not his homeward way, In the stall with its moth - er the
young calves low, Oh, then how blithe - ly to the Alps we go.
sound will give, Oh, then I feel how sweet it is to live.
ev - er stay, Dream - ing my life a - mong the flowers a - way.
calf must be, And some one waits, I know at home for me.

Sacred.

PART IV.

GOD IS MY SONG.

4. 7. 11. 8.

BEETHOVEN, arr.

f
mf
cres.
f
1. God is my song! He is a God of pow - er,
2. His robe is light! And what is best He know - eth;
3. He sees my need, And hears..... each bit - ter wail - ing!
4. Is God so near? Is He..... my Sav - iour e - ven?
f
mf
Great are His deeds, His name a might - y tow - er, And all the
He rules as God, and His do - min - ion show - eth 'Tis built on
He knows what good I do, each fre - quent fail - ing, And hastes with
Then ask I noth - ing more of earth or Heav - en, Nor e - ven
f
ff
worlds to Him be - long— And all the worlds to Him be - long.
truth and strict - est right— 'Tis built on truth and strict - est right.
love to in - ter - cede— And hastes with love to in - ter - cede.
hell it - self will fear— Nor e - ven hell it - self will fear.

C. F. GELLERT.

LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

1. Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. Spir - it of our God des - cend - ing, Fill our hearts with heaven-ly joy;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Love with ev - ery pas - sion blend-ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy;
Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Thus pro - vid - ed, Par - doned, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

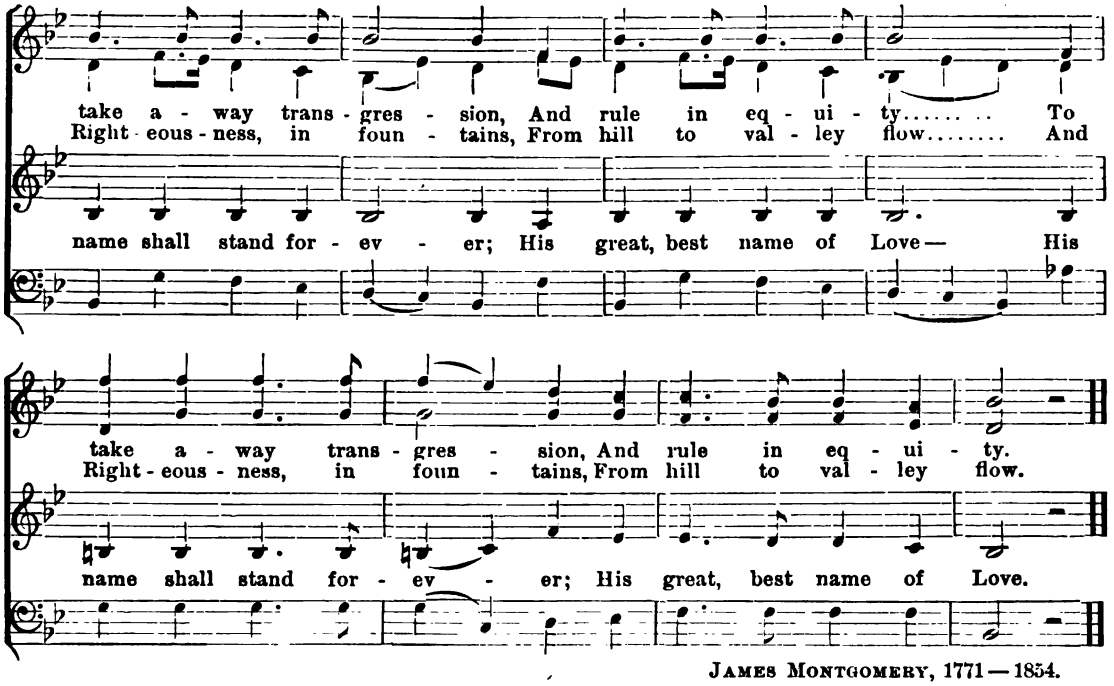
JAMES EDMESTON.

GOD COMES WITH SUCCOR SPEEDY.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN'S ATHALIE.

7. 6.—8 lines.

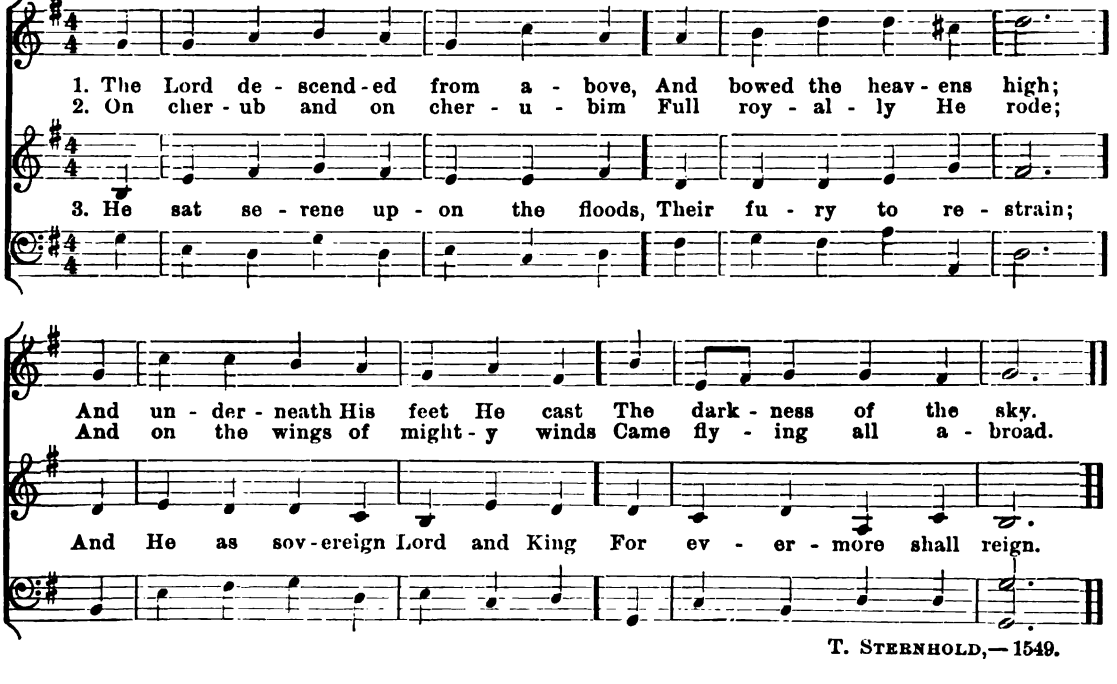
1. God comes with suc - cor speed - y, To those who suf - fer wrong; To
2. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the thirst - y earth; And
3. To Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing, And dai - ly vows, as - cend; His
help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong; He
joy and hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth. Be -
king - dom still in - creas - ing A king - dom with - out end. The
comes to break op - pres - sion, And set the cap - tive free,.... To
fore Him, on the moun - tains, Shall Peace, the her - ald, go,.... And
tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move; His


take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty..... To
Right - eous - ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow..... And
name shall stand for - ev - er; His great, best name of Love— His
take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Right - eous - ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
name shall stand for - ev - er; His great, best name of Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771—1854.

THE LORD DESCENDED FROM ABOVE.

C. M. RICHARD FARRANT, 1530—1583.

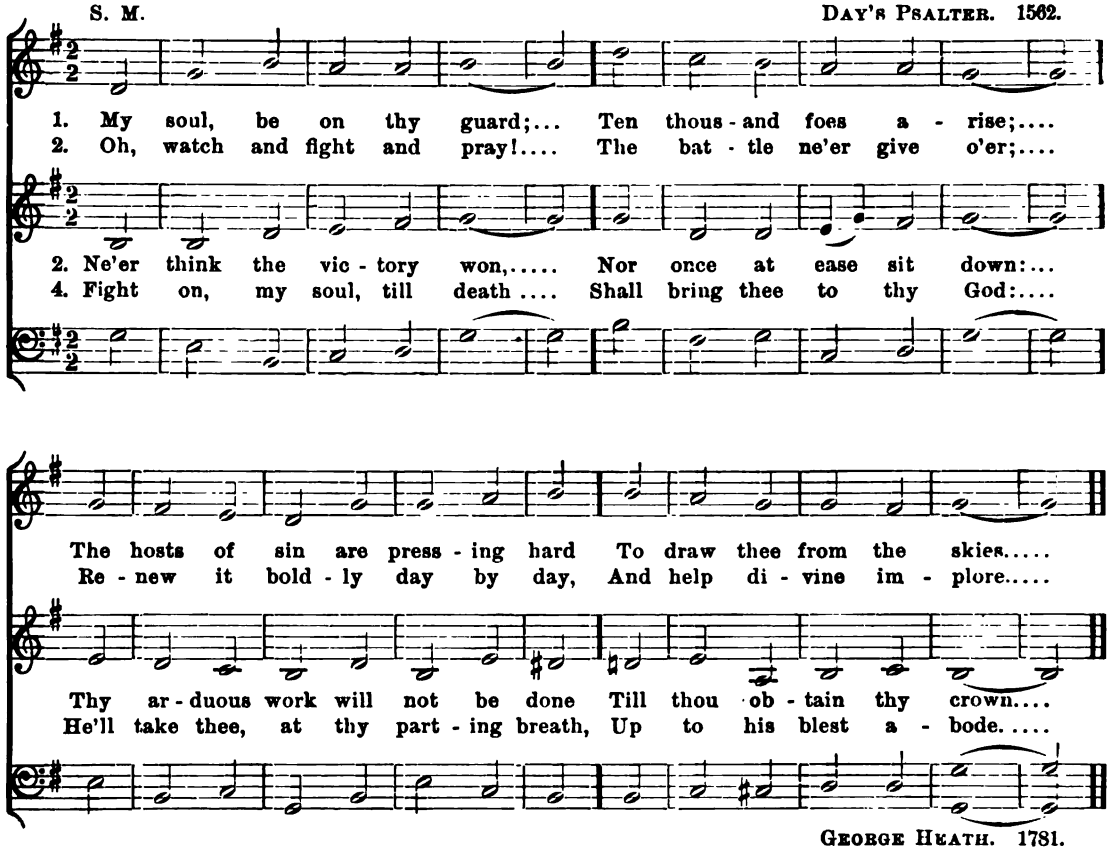

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heav - ens high;
2. On cher - ub and on cher - u - bim Full roy - al - ly He rode;
3. He sat se - rene up - on the floods, Their fu - ry to re - strain;
And un - der - neath His feet He cast The dark - ness of the sky.
And on the wings of might - y winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.
And He as sov - ereign Lord and King For ev - er - more shall reign.

T. STERNHOLD,—1549.

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD!

S. M.

DAY'S PSALTER. 1562.


1. My soul, be on thy guard;... Ten thous - and foes a - rise;....
2. Oh, watch and fight and pray!.... The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;....
2. Ne'er think the vic - tory won,..... Nor once at ease sit down:...
4. Fight on, my soul, till death .... Shall bring thee to thy God:....
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.....
Re - new it bold - ly day by day, And help di - vine im - plore.....
Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown....
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.....

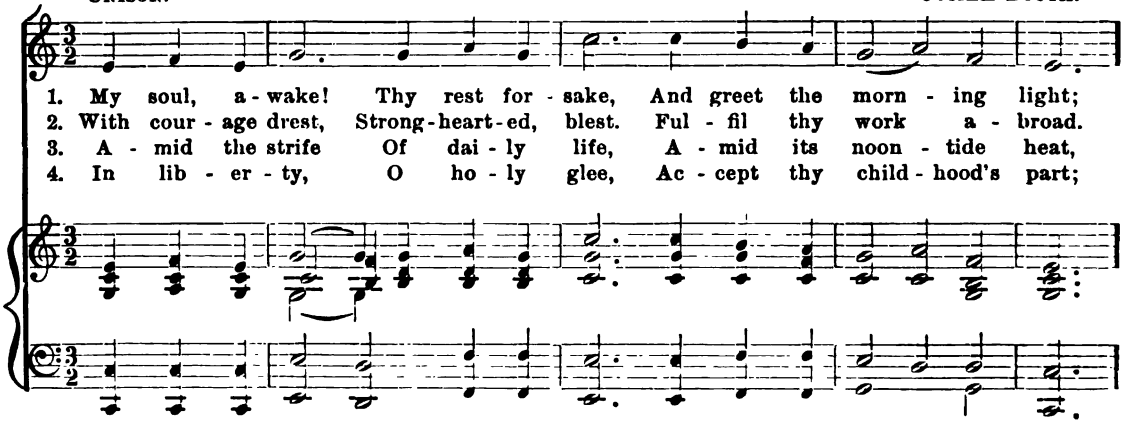
GEORGE HEATH. 1781.

MY SOUL, AWAKE!

4. 4. 6. 4. 4. 6.

UNISON.

JOSIAH BOOTH.


1. My soul, a - wake! Thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light;
2. With cour - age drest, Strong - heart - ed, blest. Ful - fil thy work a - broad.
3. A - mid the strife Of dai - ly life, A - mid its noon - tide heat,
4. In lib - er - ty, O ho - ly glee, Ac - cept thy child - hood's part;

With song a - rise— Glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of.... the night.
Fear - less and true, Thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.
Fear not to miss Thy se - cret bliss, The rest of son - ship sweet.
And thou shalt find, By faith en - shrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart.

JANE LIVOCK.

NOW WITH THE RISING GOLDEN DAWN.

L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE. 1740—1817.

1. Now with the ris - ing gold - en dawn, Let us, the chil - dren of the day,
2. Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us in - stil;
3. And ev - er, as the day glides by, May we the bu - sy sens - es rein.
Cast off the dark - ness which so long Has led our guilt - y souls a - stray.
A guile - less mind, a heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty of word and will.
Keep guard up - on the hand and eye, Nor let the conscience suf - fer stain.

BREVIARY, tr. by EDWARD CASWELL.

GOD IS MY STRONG SALVATION.

7. 6. — 8 lines. W. TESCHNER, — 1615.

1. God is my strong sal - va - - tion, What foe have I to fear?
1. Place on the Lord re - li - - ance, My soul, with cour - age wait;
In dark - ness and temp - ta - - tion, My light, my help, is near.
His truth be thine af - fi - - ance, When faint and des - o - late.
Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand:
His might thy heart shall strength - en, His love thy joy in - crease,
What ter - ror can con - found.. me With God at my right hand.
Mer - cy thy days shall length - en, The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771 — 1854.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

7. 6.—8 lines. S. S. WESLEY.

1. In heaven-ly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe in such con-
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd is be-
3. Green pas-tures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be
fid-ing, For noth-ing chang-es here. The storm may roar with-out me,
side me, And noth-ing can I lack. His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth;
o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been. My hope I can-not meas-ure;
My heart may low be laid; But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
His sight is nev-er dim; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
My path to life is free; My Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

11. 12. 12. 11. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,.... On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.
fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Thou who wast, and art,.. and.. ev - er-more shalt be!
there is none be - side Thee In - fi - nite in Power, in.. . love, and pu - ri - ty.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783—1826.

GRANT US THY PEACE, LORD.

10. 10. 10. 10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

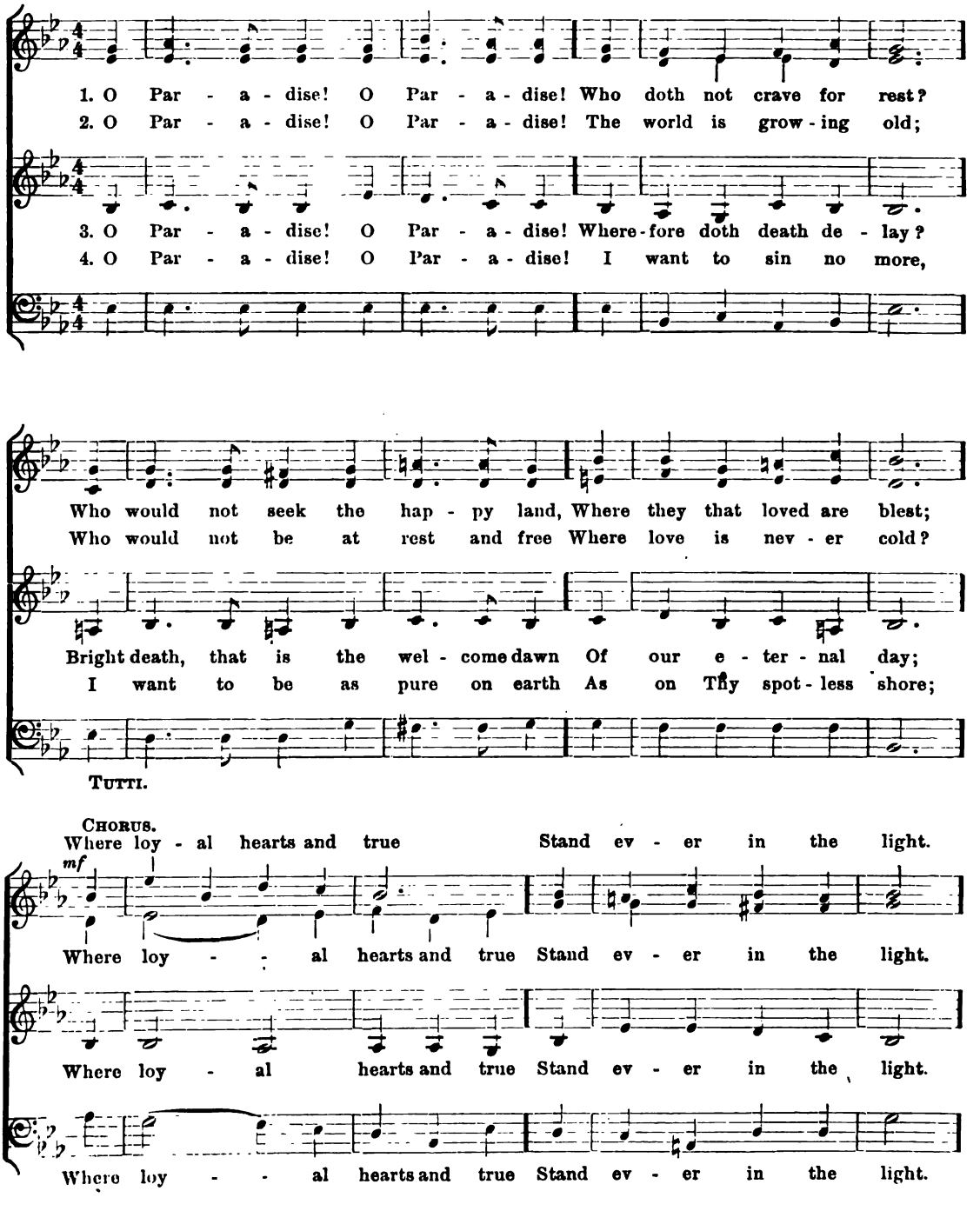
1. Fa - ther, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac -
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
ere our wor - ship cease, Then low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord through the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
3. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall
bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

ELLERTON.

O PARADISE!

8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS. JOSEPH BARNBY.

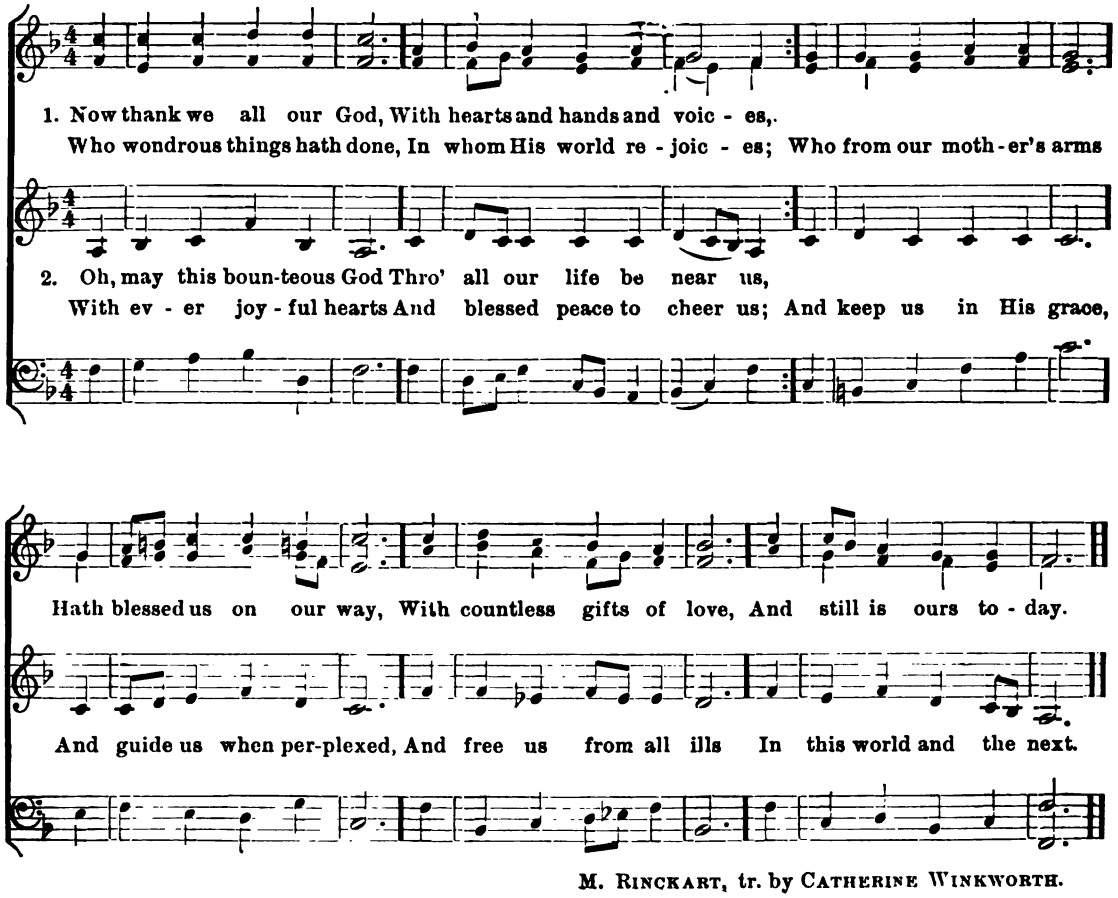

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Where-fore doth death de - lay?
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more,
Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
Bright death, that is the wel - come dawn Of our e - ter - nal day;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore;
TUTTI.
CHORUS.
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light.
mf
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light.
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light.
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light.

F. W. FABER, 1814—1863.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

JOHANN CRUEGER, 1598—1662.


1. Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voic - es,.
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es; Who from our moth - er's arms
2. Oh, may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us,
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace,
Hath blessed us on our way, With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And guide us when per-plexed, And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

M. RINCKART, tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

O God, the Rock of Ages.

7. 6.—8 lines. Arr. fr. Beethoven. 1770—1827.

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been,.. What time the tem - pest
2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie,.... Or grass - es in the
3. O Thou, who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows never pale,... Teach us a - right to
4. Lord, crown our faith's en-deav - or With beau - ty and with grace,.. Till, clothed in light for -
rag - es, Our dwell - ing-place se - rene. Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O
mead - ows That blos - som but to die: A - sleep, a dream, a sto - ry By
num - ber Our years be - fore they fail. On us thy mer - cy light - en, On
ev - er, We see Thee face to face;— A joy no lan - guage meas - ures; A
Lord, the same as now, To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou!
stran-gers quick-ly told, An un - re-main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
us Thy goodness rest... And let Thy spir - it bright - en The hearts Thyself hath blessed.
foun-tain brimming o'er;.. An end - less flow of pleas-ures; An o - cean with - out shore.

Bp. E. H. Bickersteth.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on. The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to
3. So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still..... Will lead me on, O'er moor and,
dark, and I am far from home,.... Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now..... Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone. And with the morn those
do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile,.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. 1801—1890.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

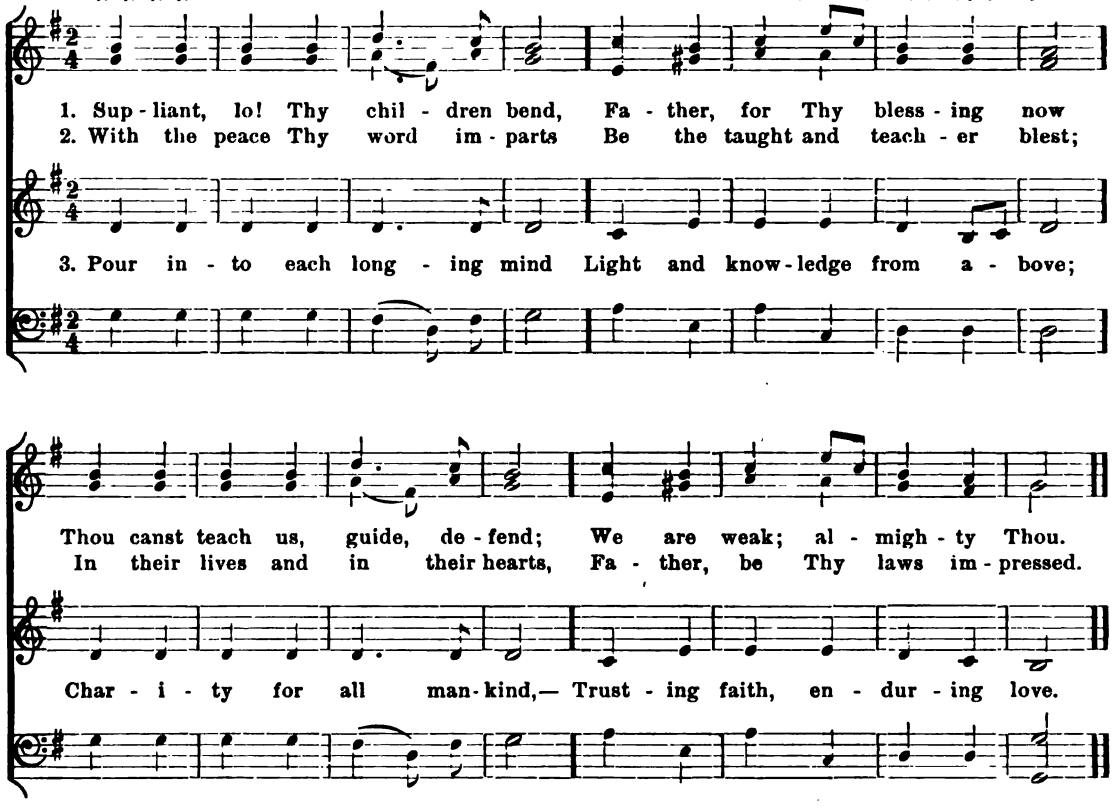
LOUIS SPOHR, 1784—1859.

Adagio.
pp
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al -
pp
cres.
dim.
might - y, Who wast, and who... art, and art to come!
cres.
dim.
pp
pp
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al -
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al -
pp
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al -

dim.
pp
might - y, Who wast, and who... art, and art to come. Ho - ly,
might - y, Who wast, and who art, and art to come. Ho - ly,
dim.
pp
might - y, Who wast, and who... art, and art to come. Ho - ly,
p
pp
ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al - might - - - y!
ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al - might - - - y!
p
pp
ho - ly Lord God.. of.... Hosts! God Al - might - - - y!

SUPPLIANT, LO! THY CHILDREN BEND.

7. 7. 7. 7. W. A. MOZART. 1756—1791.


1. Sup - liant, lo! Thy chil - dren bend, Fa - ther, for Thy bless - ing now
2. With the peace Thy word im - parts Be the taught and teach - er blest;
3. Pour in - to each long - ing mind Light and know - ledge from a - bove;
Thou canst teach us, guide, de - fend; We are weak; al - migh - ty Thou.
In their lives and in their hearts, Fa - ther, be Thy laws im - pressed.
Char - i - ty for all man - kind,— Trust - ing faith, en - dur - ing love.

HEAVENLY FATHER, SOVEREIGN LORD.

7. 7. 7. 7. F. MENDELSSOHN. 1809—1847.

IN UNISON OR IN PARTS.

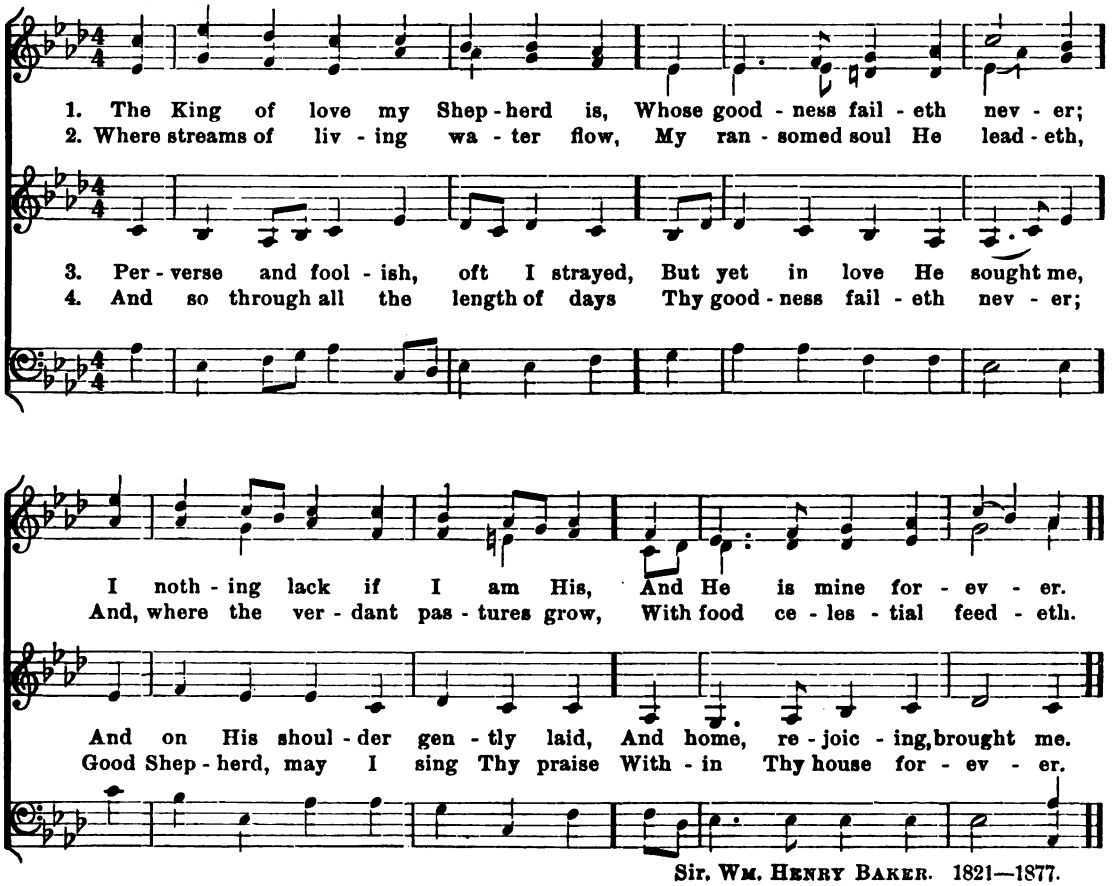
1. Heaven - ly Fa - ther, sove - reign Lord, Be Thy glo - rious name a - dored!
2. Though un - wor - thy, Lord, Thine ear; Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;
3. While on earth or - dained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in Thy way,
4. Then with an - gel - harps a - gain, We will wake a nob - ler strain;

Lord, Thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail ce - les - tial good - ness hail!
Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a - round Thy throne we sing.
Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all Thy glo - ry see.
There in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - um - phant voic - es raise.

SALISBURY COLLECTION.

THE KING OF LOVE.

8. 7. 8. 7. JOHN B. DYKES. 1823—1876.


1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran - somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. And so through all the length of days Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul - der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

Sir. WM. HENRY BAKER. 1821—1877.

AWAKE, MY SOUL!

L. M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON, 1741—1808.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re - freshed me while I slept;
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new, Dis - perse my sins as morn - ing dew;
5. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say,
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Who all night long un - wear - ied sing High praise to the E - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake I may of end - less light par - take.
Guard my first spring, of thought and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.
That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

THOMAS KEN, 1637—1711.

HOLY, HOLY HOLY LORD!

7. 7. 7. 7.

BACH, arr.

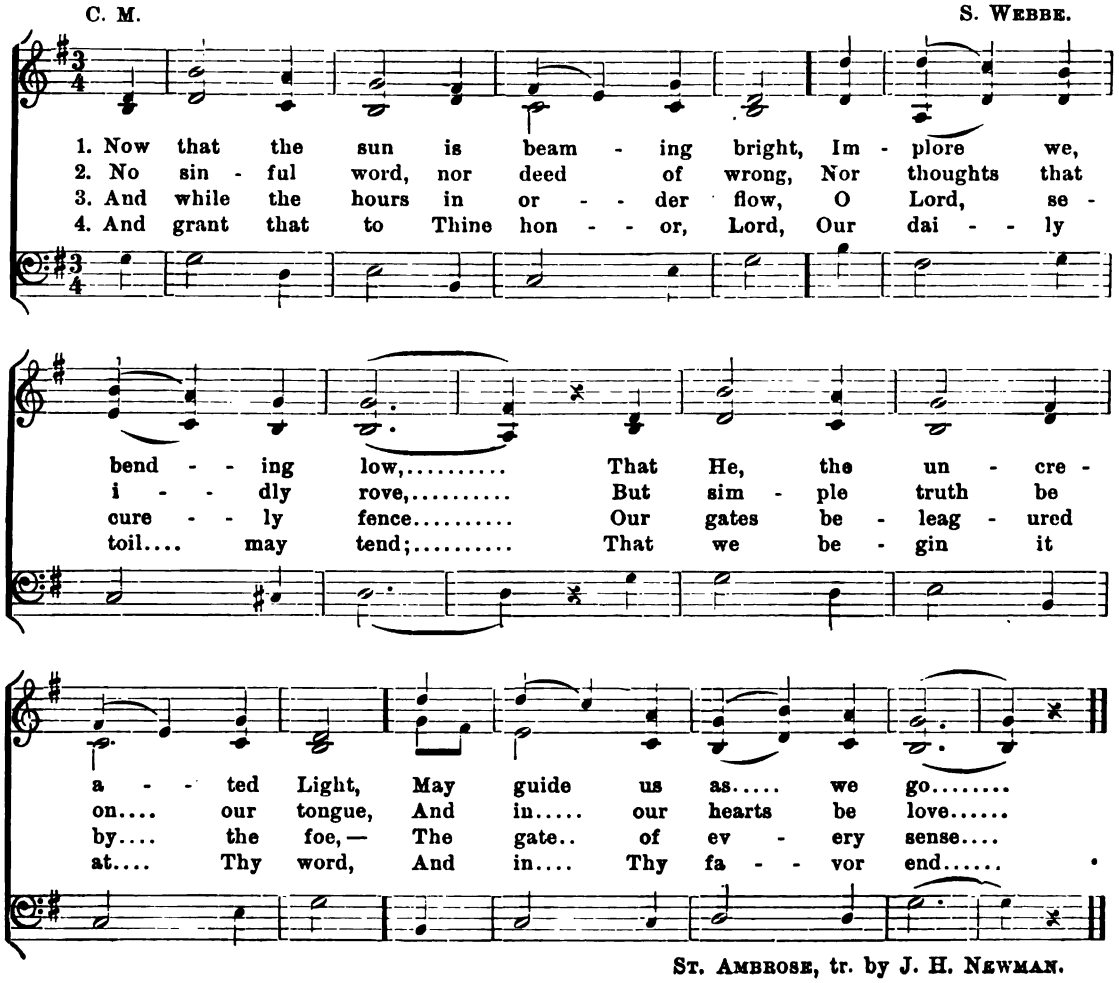
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Be Thy glo - rious name a - dored;
2. Though un - wor - thy, Lord, Thine ear Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;
3. Lord! Thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good - ness, hail!

Lord! Thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good - ness, hail!
Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a - round Thy throne we sing.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Be Thy glo - rious name a - dored.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, 1778.

NOW THAT THE SUN IS BEAMING.

C. M. S. WEBBE.


1. Now that the sun is beam - ing bright, Im - plore we,
2. No sin - ful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that
3. And while the hours in or - - der flow, O Lord, se -
4. And grant that to Thine hon - - or, Lord, Our dai - - ly
bend - - ing low,..... That He, the un - cre -
i - - dly rove,..... But sim - ple truth be
cure - - ly fence..... Our gates be - leag - ured
toil.... may tend;..... That we be - gin it
a - - ted Light, May guide us as..... we go.....
on.... our tongue, And in..... our hearts be love.....
by.... the foe,— The gate.. of ev - ery sense....
at.... Thy word, And in.... Thy fa - - vor end.....

ST. AMBROSE, tr. by J. H. NEWMAN.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE.

L. M. 6 lines. JOHN W. TUFTS.

UNISON OR PARTS.

1. The Lord my pas - tnre shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep - herds care;
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirst - y moun - tain pant,
3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - rors o - ver-spread,
His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye:
To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads My wea - ry, wan - dering steps He leads,
My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
My noon - day walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land-scape flow.
Thy friend - ly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread - ful shade.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672—1719.

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GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

C. M. JOHN W. TUFTS.

1. God of our fa - thers, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are blessed;
2. Through each per - plex - ing path of life, Our wan-dering foot - steps guide;
3. Oh, spread Thy shel - tering wings a - round, Till all our wan-derings cease,
4. Such bless - ings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble prayers im - plore;

Be with us through our pil - grim-age, Con - duct us to our rest.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God, And Por - tion ev - er - more.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

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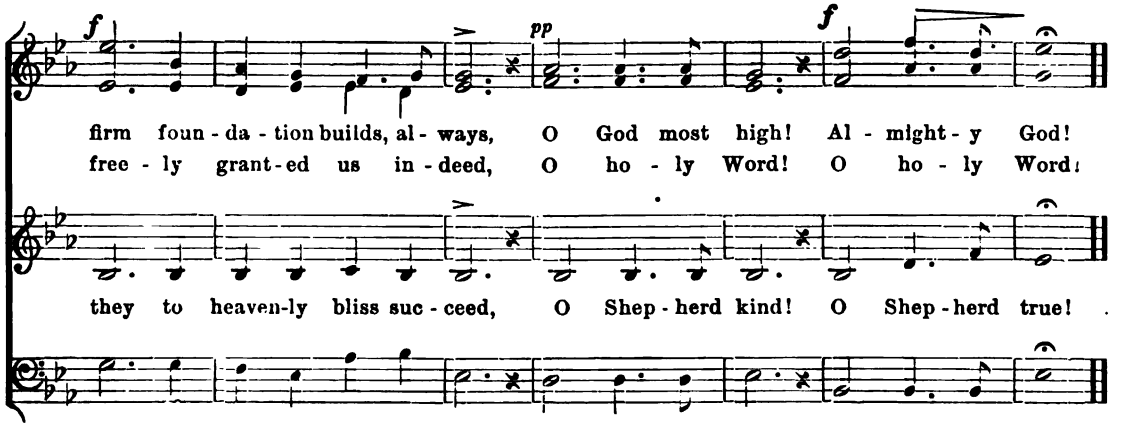
O GOD MOST HIGH.

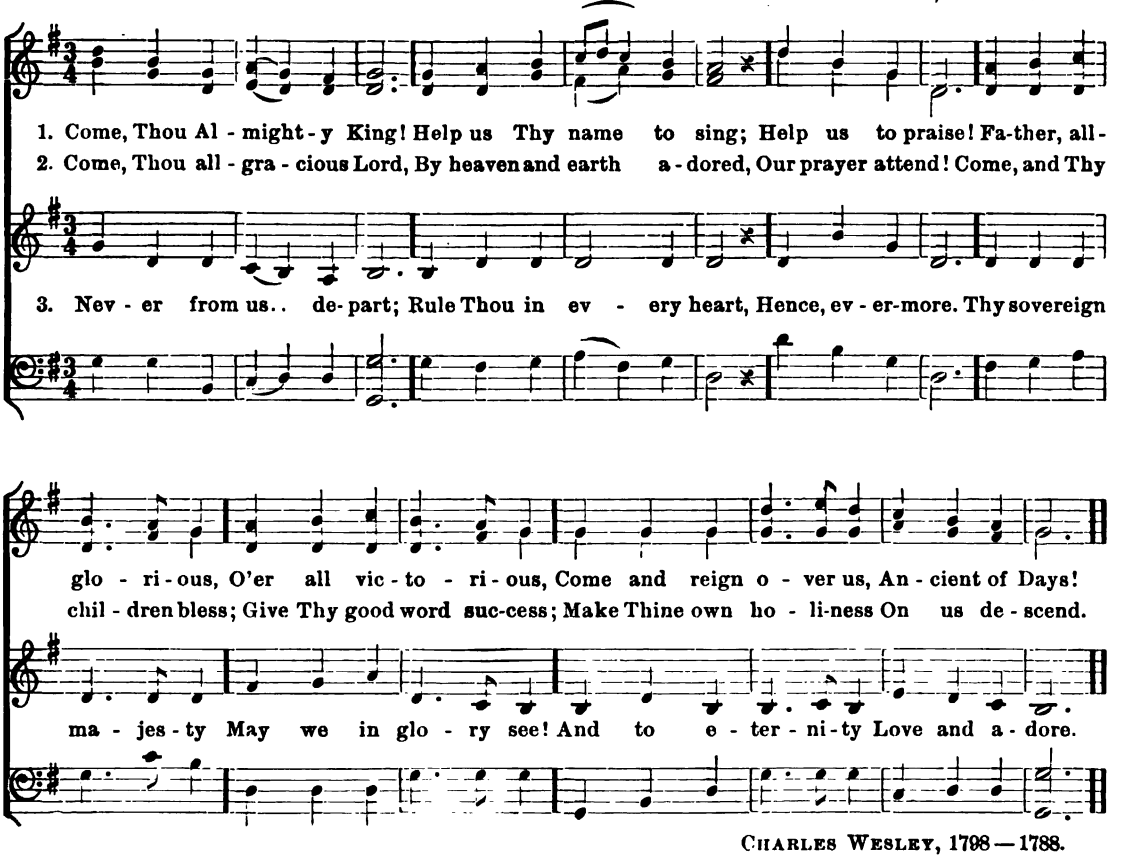
STADLER, arr.

p
1. O God most high! Al - might - y God! Who - e'er Thy ser-vant has be-come, And
2. O ho - ly Word! O ho - ly Word! When Thou art tak - en to our hearts, And
3. O Shep-herd kind! O Shep-herd true! We would Thy lov - ing followers be, Oh,
cres.
cres.
f
nev - er cared from Thee to roam, Though Hell it - self op - pose him du - ly, Shall
Though Hell it - self oppose him du - ly, Shall
God His wondrous aid im - parts, Nought from the way our steps can sev - er, But
Nought from the way our steps can sev - er, But
let our hearts be filled by Thee! Keep Thou Thy trusting flock se - cure - ly, That
Keep Thou Thy trusting flock se - cure - ly, That
cres.
f
p
wa - ver not, but con - - quer tru - ly! Who child - like on the High - est stays, On
wa - - - - ver not, but conquer tru - ly!
His own voice shall guide us ev - er, And all the grace and strength we need, Be
His own voice shall guide us ev - er,
they may hap - py be most sure - ly! And up - ward still their foot-steps lead, Till
they may hap - py be most sure - ly!


f
pp
f
firm foun - da - tion builds, al - ways, O God most high! Al - might - y God!
free - ly grant - ed us in - deed, O ho - ly Word! O ho - ly Word!
they to heaven-ly bliss suc - ceed, O Shep - herd kind! O Shep - herd true!

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING!

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. FELICE GIARDINI, 1716—1796.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy name to sing; Help us to praise! Fa-ther, all-
2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heaven and earth a - dored, Our prayer attend! Come, and Thy
3. Nev - er from us.. de-part; Rule Thou in ev - ery heart, Hence, ev - er-more. Thy sovereign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
chil - dren bless; Give Thy good word suc-cess; Make Thine own ho - li-ness On us de - scend.
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see! And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708—1788.

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